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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

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THE

FOURTEENTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

THE SECOND VOLUME OF

BUTLER.

THE

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Saints engage in fierce conteſts
About their carnal intereſts,
To ſhare their ſacrilegious preys
According to their rates of Grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a ſtorm;
Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an inſect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a ſtorm on cows,
And ſtings the founders of his houſe,

From

This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: neither of our heroes make their appearance: other characters are introduced, and a new vein of ſatire is exhibited. The Poet ſteps out of his road, and ſkips from the time wherein theſe adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and

From whoſe corrupted fleſh that breed
Of vermin did at firſt proceed.
So, ere the ſtorm of war broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious ſects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That firſt run all religion down,
And after every ſwarm its own:
For as the Perſian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their ſons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way;
So Preſbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cauſe, his mother,

from thence to the diſſolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a ſatiriſt, whoſe privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleaſes, and to ſtigmatize vice, faction, and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them. He is not tied down to the obſervance of unity of action, time, or place, though he has hitherto had a regard to ſuch decorums: but now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a ſatiriſt, and deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deſerts his principal actors: he purpoſely ſends them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively repreſentation of the principles and politics of Preſbyterians, Independents, and Republicans, upon the dawning of the Reſtoration. He ſets before us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each faction; and ſure it is with pleaſure we ſee the fears and commotions they were in upon the happy declenſion of their tyrannical power and government. All theſe occurrences are fully and faithfully related in this Canto, and the ſeveral facts are warranted by hiſtory.

Then

Then bore them, like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same;
And yet no natural tie of blood,
Nor interest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard:
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they 've none;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly' appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on;
Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry;
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal Orders and Injunctions;

And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and *Scire facias*;
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worſe than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of fees,
Into the bottomleſs abyſs.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to ſhare their dividends,
And every partner to poſſeſs
His church and ſtate joint-purchaſes,
In which the ableſt Saint, and beſt,
Was nam'd in truſt by all the reſt
To pay their money, and, inſtead
Of every Brother, paſs the deed,
He ſtraight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy ſhifts,
And ſettled all the other ſhares
Upon his outward man and 's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſs'd upon his conſcience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the reſt for Reprobates,
That had no titles to eſtates,
But by their ſpiritual attaints
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conſcience to fall on,
And laid about as hot and brain-ſick
As th' Utter barriſter of Swanſwick;

Ver. 78.] W. Prynne, a voluminous writer.

Engag'd

Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unsanctify'd Trustees;
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd to a reformado Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those uses serve again
Against the New-enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic
As pat as Popish and Prelatic;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
The Good old Cause, which some believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with New Light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse:

But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of Reformation,
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid;
Were free of every spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)

No

Ver. 118.] The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was fam'd for a preacher, and has a sermon * in print, intituled, *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn-fields, upon* Rom. xiii. 1. in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true, this text is a "malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have abused it very "much; but, thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin.

"But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, Whether, "by the *higher powers*, are meant kings or commoners? Truly, "beloved, it is a very great question among those that are "learned: for may not every one that can read observe, that "Paul speaks in the plural number, *higher powers?* Now, had "he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, "Let "every soul be subject to the *higher power*," if he had meant "one man; but by this you see he meant more than one: he "bids us "be subject to the higher *powers*," that is, the "Council of State, the House of Commons, and the Army." Ib. p. 3.

When

* This, however, is now well known to be an imposture. N.

No ſooner got the ſtart, to lurch
Both diſciplines of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war againſt
The common enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevailed ſo far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themſelves as they 'ad before.

When in the *Humble Petition* there was inſerted an article againſt public preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted againſt it expreſsly; "Becauſe he (he ſaid) was "one, and divers officers of the army, by whom much good had "been done—and therefore deſired they would explain their "article." (*Heath's Chronicle*, p. 408.)

Ib.] Sir Roger L'Eſtrange obſerves (*Reflection upon Poggius's Fable of the Huſband, Wife, and Ghoſtly Father*, part I. fab. 357.) upon the pretended ſaints of thoſe times, "That they did not "ſet one ſtep, in the whole tract of this iniquity, without ſeek-"ing the Lord firſt, and going up to enquire of the Lord, ac-"cording to the cant of thoſe days; which was no other than "to make God the author of ſin, and to impute the blackeſt "practices of hell to the inſpiration of the Holy Ghoſt."

It was with this pretext of ſeeking the Lord in prayer, that Cromwell, Ireton, Harriſon, and others of the Regicides, cajoled General Fairfax, who was determined to reſcue the King from execution, giving orders to have it ſpeedily done: and, when they had notice that it was over, they perſuaded the General that this was a full return of prayer; and, God having ſo manifeſted his pleaſure, they ought to acquieſce in it. (*Peyenchief's Life of* King Charles I.)

For

For now there was no foe in arms
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, themſelves, at home,
Who 'ad compaſs'd all they pray'd and ſwore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdued the Nation, Church, and State,
And all things but their laws and hate;
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the ſpoil of all they 'ad ranſackt,
To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
They met no ſooner but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had ſpar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' aboliſh,
Subvert, extirpate, and demoliſh:
For knaves and fools being near of kin,
As Dutch boors are t' a footerkin,
Both parties join'd to do their beſt
To damn the public intereſt,
And herded only in conſults,
To put by one another's bolts;
T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the ſaw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So thoſe who play a game of ſtate,
And only cavil in debate,

Although

Although there's nothing loſt nor won,
The public buſineſs is undone;
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the ſurer way to ruin.
This when the Royaliſts perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
They' united conſtanter, and ſided
The more, the more their foes divided;
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the game;
True as the dial to the ſun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Brethren in evil,
Their adverſaries, and the devil,
Began once more to ſhew them play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a day,
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented ſolitudes;

Ver. 163.] What a laſting monument of fame has our Poet raiſed to the Royaliſts! What merited praiſes does he beſtow on their unſhaken faith and loyalty! How happily does he applaud their conſtancy and ſufferings! If any thing can be a compenſation to thoſe of that party, who met with unworthy diſregard and neglect after the Reſtoration, it muſt be this never-dying eulogy. Butler, alas! was one of that unfortunate number.

Conven'd

Conven'd at midnight in outhouſes,
T' appoint new-riſing rendezvouſes,
And, with a pertinacy' unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No ſooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party ſtarted!
And, as if Nature, too, in haſte
To furniſh out ſupplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd deſtruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their room,
That, like the Chriſtian faith, increaſt
The more, the more they were ſuppreſt;
Whom neither chains, nor tranſportation,
Proſcription, ſale, or confiſcation,
Nor all the deſperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,

Nor

Ver. 201, 202.] The brave ſpirit of loyalty was not to be ſuppreſſed by the moſt barbarous and inhuman uſage. There are ſeveral remarkable inſtances upon record; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montroſe, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who ſuffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5; of Captain Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bleſs King Charles; *Vive le Roy*; of Dalgeily, one of Montroſe's party, who being ſentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the ſcaffold, ran and kiſſed it;

Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From venturing to maintain the right,
From ſtaking life and fortune down
'Gainſt all together, for the Crown;
But kept the title of their cauſe
From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
And prov'd no proſperous uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the nation;
Until, in ſpite of force and treaſon,
They put their loyalty in poſſeſſion;
And, by their conſtancy and faith,
Deſtroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
Toſs'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign,

And

it; and, without any ſpeech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block, and was beheaded; of the brave Sir Robert Spotiſwood; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February 1657, for diſperſing among the ſoldiers what were then called *ſeditious* books and pamphlets.

Nor ought the loyalty of the ſix counties of North Wales to be paſſed over in ſilence, who never addreſſed or petitioned during the Uſurpation; nor the common ſoldier mentioned in the *Oxford Diurnal*, firſt Week, p. 6. See more in the ſtory of the *Impertinent Sheriff*, L'Eſtrange's *Fables*, part II. fab. 263. Mr. Butler, or Mr. Prynne, ſpeaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyaliſts, ſays, "Other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and "erected ſtatues after their death, to the memory of ſome of our "compatriots, whom ye have barbarouſly defaced and mangled, "yet alive, for no other motive than their undaunted zeal."

Ver. 215, 216.] At Oliver's death was a moſt furious tempeſt, ſuch

And was believ'd, as well by Saints
As mortal men and miſcreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry;

Who,

ſuch as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is obſerved, in a tract intituled, *No Fool to the old Fool*, L'Eſtrange's *Apology*, p. 93. "That Oliver, after a long courſe of treaſon, murder, "ſacrilege, perjury, rapine, *&c.* finiſhed his accurſed life in "agony and fury, and without any mark of true repentance." Though moſt of our hiſtorians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the ſtorm in the northern counties, that day the Houſe of Peers ordered the digging up his carcaſe, with other regicides. The author of the *Parley between the Ghoſt of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell*, 1660, p. 19. merrily obſerves, "That he was even ſo turbulent and ſeditious "there, that he was chain'd, by way of puniſhment, in the "general piſſing-place, next the court-door, with a ſtrict charge "that nobody that made water thereabouts ſhould piſs any where "but againſt his body."

Ver. 220.] The news of Oliver's death being brought to thoſe who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry ſtood up, and deſired them not to be troubled; "For (ſaid he) this is good "news, becauſe if he was of uſe to the people of God when he "was amongſt us, he will be much more ſo now, being aſcended "into heaven, at the right hand of Jeſus Chriſt, there to in-"tercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occaſions." Dr. South makes mention of an Independent divine, (*Sermons*, Vol. I. ſermon iii. p. 102.) who, when Oliver was ſick, of which ſickneſs he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that he "ſhould recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had "raiſed him up for a work which could not be done in a leſs time:

"but

Who, in a falſe erroneous dream,
Miſtook the New Jeruſalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
Falſe Heaven at the end o' th' Hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious reliques to tranſlate:
So Romulus was ſeen before
By' as orthodox a ſenator,
From whoſe divine illumination
He ſtole the Pagan revelation.
Next him his ſon and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,

Who

" but Oliver's death being publiſhed two days after, the ſaid " divine publicly, in his prayers, expoſtulated with God the " defeat of his prophecy in theſe words, " Thou haſt lied unto " us; yea, thou haſt lied unto us."

So familiar were thoſe wretches with God Almighty, that Dr. Echard obſerves of one of them, " That he pretended to have " got ſuch an intereſt in Chriſt, and ſuch an exact knowledge of " affairs above, that he could tell the people that he had juſt " before received an expreſs from Jeſus upon ſuch a buſineſs, and " that the ink was ſcarce dry upon the paper."

Ver. 224.] After the Reſtoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head ſet up at the farther end of Weſtminſter-hall; near which place there is an houſe of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

Ver. 231, 232.] Oliver's eldeſt ſon, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his ſucceſſor; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the ſame time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addreſſes were

Who first laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the State,
That rode him above horseman's weight.

presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partizans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

What opinion the world had of him, we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit *incog.* to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas; who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English; and, after a few words (not knowing who he was) the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the king, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth. "Well, "said the Prince, Oliver, though he was a traitor and a "villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, "and was worthy to command: but for that Richard, that "coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow "alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible he "could be such a sot?" He answered, "That he was betrayed "by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his "father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was that very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Vol. III. p. 519. See a curious anecdote of Richard Cromwell in Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield.

And

And now the Saints began their reign,
For which they 'ad yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel hankerings,
To see an empire all of kings,
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
Who, for a weather-cock hung up
Upon their mother church's top,
Was made a type by Providence,
Of all their revelations since,

Ver. 237.] A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself "inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, "that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed "to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."

Ver. 241, 242.] Dr. James Young observes, "That two "Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so con- "fident, *anno* 1652, of the total subversion of the law and "gospel-ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they "predicted the downfall of both; and, in 1654, they foretold "that the law should be pulled down to the ground,—the Great "Charter, and all our liberties, destroyed, as not suiting with "Englishmen in these blessed times; that the crab-tree of the "law should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there "being no reason now we should be governed by them."

And now fulfill'd by his ſucceſſors,
Who equally miſtook their meaſures:
For, when they came to ſhape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' unſanctify'd;
While every individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt, and moſt crackt,
Were found the buſieſt to tranſact;
For, though moſt hands diſpatch apace
And make light work (the proverb ſays)
Yet many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obſtruct intrigues,
As ſloweſt inſects have moſt legs.
Some were for ſetting up a king,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs king Jeſus: others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Deſborough, and Lambert:

Some

Ver. 267, 268.] Harry Martyn, in his ſpeech, in the debate *Whether a King, or no King*, ſaid, "That if they muſt have a "King, they had rather have had the laſt than any gentleman "in England. He found no fault in his perſon, but office."

Ver. 269.] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and ſet up King Jeſus.

Ver. 269, 270. *Others tamper'd—For Fleetwood, Deſborough, and Lambert.*] Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general: he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldeſt daughter; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties,

Some for the Rump; and ſome, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety:
Some for the Goſpel, and maſſacres
Of ſpiritual Affidavit-makers,
That ſwore to any human regence
Oaths of ſupremacy and allegiance;

counties, one of Oliver's upper houſe: his ſalary ſuppoſed to be 6600 *l.* a year.—Deſborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70 *l. per annum*; ſome ſay a plowman. Bennet, ſpeaking to Deſborough, ſays, "When your Lordſhip was a plowman, and wore high ſhoon—"Ha! how the Lord raiſeth ſome men, and depreſſeth others."—Deſborough married Cromwell's ſiſter, caſt away his ſpade, and took up a ſword, and was made a colonel; was inſtrumental in raiſing Cromwell to the Protectorſhip; upon which he was made one of his council, a General at ſea, and Major-general of divers counties of the weſt; and was one of Oliver's upper houſe. His annual income was 3236 *l.* 13 *s.* 4 *d.*

Ibid. *Lambert.*] *Lambard*, in the firſt edition 1678. Altered 1684. He was one of the Rump Generals, and a principal oppoſer of General Monk in the Reſtoration of King Charles II. The writer of the *Narrative of the late Parliament ſo called*, 1657, p. 9. obſerves, "That Major-general Lambert, as one of "Oliver's council, had 1000 *l. per annum*, which, with his other "places, in all amounted to 6512 *l.* 3 *s.* 4 *d.*"

Ver. 272. *Agitators.*] In 1647, the Army made choice of a ſet number of officers, which they called *the General Council of Officers*; and the common ſoldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, moſtly corporals and ſerjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators*, and were to be a Houſe of Commons to the council of officers: theſe drew up a Declaration, that they would not be diſbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full proviſion made for liberty of conſcience.

Yea, though the ableſt ſwearing Saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high-places
Of Synods and Provincial Claſſes,
That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' Exciſe;
And ſome againſt th' Egyptian bondage
Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying bakers' Loaves;
And ſome for finding out expedients
Againſt the ſlavery of Obedience:
Some were for Goſpel-miniſters,
And ſome for Red-coat feculars,
As men moſt fit t' hold-forth the Word,
And wield the one and th' other ſword:
Some were for carrying on the Work
Againſt the Pope, and ſome the Turk:
Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The camiſado of Surplices,
That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery than Goſpel-light:
Others were for aboliſhing
That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
With which th' unſanctify'd bridegroom
Is marry'd only to a thumb

(As

(As wiſe as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig);
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls her after-marriage ſtill:
So were for th' utter extirpation
Of Linſey-woolſey in the nation;
And ſome againſt all idoliſing
The Croſs in ſhop-books, or Baptiſing:
Others, to make all things recant
The Chriſtian or ſurname of Saint,
And force all churches, ſtreets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce:
Some 'gainſt a third eſtate of ſouls,
And bringing down the price of Coals:
Some for aboliſhing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches;
While others were for eating Haunches

Of

Ver. 308. *That* us'd *to*.] *That* is *to*, edition 1678. *That* uſes *to*, editions 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Altered 1710, as it ſtands here.

Ver. 317, 318.] The mayor of Colcheſter baniſhed one of that town for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643, whoſe name was Parſons; and gave this learned reaſon for this exemplary piece of juſtice, that it was an ominous name.

Ver. 323.] This was the ſpirit of the times. There was a propoſal to carry twenty Royaliſts in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expoſe them to the fire of the enemy; and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel, and her children, and "the Lady Norwich, might be ſent to the General with the

Of warriors, and, now and then,
The Fleſh of kings and mighty men:
And ſome for breaking of their Bones
With rods of iron, by ſecret ones;

" ſame directions, ſaying, their huſbands would be careful of " their ſafety; and when divers oppoſed ſo barbarous a motion, " and alleged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her " time, Gourdon preſſed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken " the General for a man-midwife." Nay, it was debated at a " council of war, to maſſacre and put to the ſword all the King's " party: the queſtion put was carried in the negative but by " two votes." Their endeavour was, how to diminiſh the num- " ber of their oppoſites, the Royaliſts and Preſbyterians, by a " maſſacre; for which purpoſe many dark-lanterns were pro- " vided laſt winter, 1649; which coming to the common rumour " of the Town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred " that would overwhelm them; ſo this was laid aſide." A bill was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royaliſts, but thrown out. And this ſpirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl, in a *Thankſgiving Sermon* before the Commons, April 23, 1644, p. 46. ſays, " If Chriſt will ſet up his " kingdom upon the carcaſes of the ſlain, it well becomes all " elders to rejoice and give thanks. Cut them down with the " ſword of juſtice, root them out, and conſume them as with " fire, that no root may ſpring up again."

Of this ſpirit was Mr. George Swathe, miniſter of Denham in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the following remarkable words; " Lord, if no compoſition will end " the controverſy between the King and the Parliament, but the " King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their " own cup; let their blood be ſpilled like water; let their blood " be ſacrificed to thee, O God, for the ſins of our nation."

For thraſhing mountains, and with ſpells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the Wicked ſore afeard of.
The quacks of government (who ſate
At th' unregarded helm of ſtate,
And underſtood this wild confuſion
Of fatal madneſs and deluſion,
Muſt, ſooner than a prodigy,
Portend deſtruction to be nigh)
Conſider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And ſave their wind-pipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worſe than all they 'ad 'ſcap'd in war;
And therefore met in conſultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the ſickly patient's ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the pulſes of their fees,
More wiſe than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the ſnuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—Gain.
'Mong theſe there was a politician
With more heads than a beaſt in viſion,
And more intrigues in every one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a ſpy,

Ver. 351.] This was Sir Anthony-Aſhley Cooper, who complied with every change in thoſe times.

That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both ſtrove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As buſy as a child at play.
He 'ad ſeen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one;
Was for them, and againſt them all,
But barbarous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his intereſt with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though againſt
His conſcience, and was ſtill advanc'd:
For, by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,
By giving aim from ſide to ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his tide,
But got the ſtart of every ſtate,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning wriggle, like a ſcrew,
Int' higheſt truſt, and out, for new:
For when he 'ad happily incurr'd,
Inſtead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And paſs'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would ſtrive to raiſe himſelf upon
The public ruin, and his own;

So

So little did he underſtand
The deſperate feats he took in hand,
For, when he 'ad got himſelf a name
For frauds and tricks, he ſpoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a nooſe,
To ſhew his play at faſt and looſe;
And, when he chanc'd t' eſcape, miſtook,
For art and ſubtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together moſt profound
At deeds of darkneſs under ground;
As th' earth is eaſieſt undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all theſe arts, and many more
He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
Our ſtate-artificer foreſaw
Which way the world began to draw:
For, as old ſinners have all points
O' th' compaſs in their bones and joints;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons;
So guilty ſinners, in a ſtate,
Can by their crimes prognoſticate,
And in their conſciences feel pain
Some days before a ſhower of rain:
He, therefore, wiſely caſt about
All ways he could, t' inſure his throat,

And hither came, t' obſerve and ſmoke
What courſes other riſkers took,
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.
To match this Saint there was another,
As buſy and perverſe a Brother,
An haberdaſher of ſmall wares
In politics and ſtate affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel,
And better gifted to rebel;

For

Ver. 420.] Sir A. Aſhley Cooper was of the miller's mind who was concerned in the Corniſh rebellion in the year 1558: he, apprehending that Sir William Kingſton, Provoſt-marſhal, and a rigorous man upon that occaſion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree before he went off, told his ſervant that he expected ſome gentlemen would come a-fiſhing to the mill, and, if they inquired for the miller, he ordered him to ſay that *he* was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmleſs ſervant ſaid he was the miller. Upon which the Provoſt ordered his ſervants to ſeize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provoſt told him, "That he would take him "at his word: if (ſays he) thou art the miller, thou art a buſy "knave and rebel;—and if thou art the miller's man, thou art "a falſe lying knave, and canſt not do thy maſter more ſervice "than to hang for him:" and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

Ver. 421.] This character exactly ſuits John Lilburn, and no other, eſpecially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines: for it was ſaid of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world

"was

For when h' had taught his tribe to 'ſpouſe
The Cauſe, aloft upon one houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſuddenly addicted ſtill
To 's only principle, his will,
That, whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born,
Could render half a grain leſs ſtubborn;
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were ſo accompliſht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonpluſt;
But ſtill his tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe;
And with its everlaſting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack.

" was emptied of all but himſelf, Lilburn would quarrel with " John, and John with Lilburn:" which part of his character gave occaſion for the following lines at his death;

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
Let them not both in one grave buried be:
Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
For if they both ſhould meet they would fall out.

No

No ſooner could a hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to picqueer,
And made the ſtouteſt yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controverſy;
Not by the force of carnal reaſon,
But indefatigable teazing;
With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanſwerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He ſtill maintain'd them, like his faults,
Againſt the deſperat'ſt aſſaults,
And back'd their feeble want of ſenſe
With greater heat and confidence;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they 're cudgel'd, grow the ſtiffer.
Yet, when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated;
For nothing but his intereſt
Could lay his devil of conteſt:
It was his choice, or chance, or curſe,
T' eſpouſe the Cauſe for better or worſe,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And ſoul and body, worſhip'd it:
But when he found the ſullen trapes
Poſſeſs'd with th' devil, worms, and claps;
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half ſo full of jadiſh tricks;
Though ſqueamiſh in her outward woman,
As looſe and rampant as Do! Common;

He

He ſtill reſolv'd, to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obſtinater;
And ſtill, the ſkittiſher and looſer
Her freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer:
For fools are ſtubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
And obſtinacy 's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
Theſe two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in conſultation ſet,
After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient cauſe,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Leſs troubled with the pangs of ſtate
Than with his own impatience
To give himſelf firſt audience,
After he had a while look'd wiſe,
At laſt broke ſilence, and the ice.
Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our laſt Outgoings brought about,
More than to ſee the characters
Of real jealouſies and fears,

Ver. 485, 486.] This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London. I heartily wiſh the Poet had introduced the worthy Sir Hudibras into this grand aſſembly; his preſence would have continued an uniformity in this Poem, and been very pleaſing to the ſpectator. His natural propenſion to loquacity would certainly have exerted itſelf on ſo important an occaſion; and his rhetoric and jargon would not have been leſs politic or entertaining than that of the two orators here characteriſed.

Not

Not feign'd, as once, but ſadly horrid,
Scor'd upon every Member's forehead;
Who, 'cauſe the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten ſudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of ſtate-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
And, ſince our Workings-out are croſt,
Throw up the Cauſe before 'tis loſt.
Was it to run away we meant
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lameſt cripples of the Brothers
Took oaths to run before all others,
But, in their own ſenſe, only ſwore
To ſtrive to run away before,
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true the Cauſe is in the lurch,
Between a right and mongrel-church,
The Preſbyter and Independent,
That ſtickle which ſhall make an end on 't;
As 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient,—(I mean Margaret's faſt)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd
What anſwer was to be return'd:
Elſe why ſhould tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many times gone through

Ver. 521.] Alluding to the impudence of thoſe pretended ſaints, who frequently directed God Almighty what anſwers he ſhould return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Aſh was called the *God-challenger*.

And

And underſtand as well to tame
As, when they ſerve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble;
Whoſe frenzies muſt be reconcil'd
With drums and rattles, like a child,
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our ſcouring of religion
Began with tumults and ſedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became ſtrong motives to devotion
(As carnal ſeamen, in a ſtorm,
Turn pious converts, and reform);
When ruſty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
Made bills to paſs the Grand Committee;
When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chace to rochets and white ſleeves,
And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit t' old iron, and the Cauſe.
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might be better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our need:
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us;
The hollow-hearted, diſaffected,
And cloſe malignant are detected;

Who

Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to ſecure our own;
And freely ſacrifice their ears
T' appeaſe our jealouſies and fears:
And yet for all theſe providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our ſenſes,
We idly ſit, like ſtupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a diſcharge:
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools beſotted with their crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to ſtay,
Nor wit enough to run away;
Who, if we could reſolve on either,
Might ſtand or fall at leaſt together;
No mean nor trivial ſolaces
To partners in extreme diſtreſs;
Who uſe to leſſen their deſpairs
By parting them int' equal ſhares;
As if, the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier;
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit,
Who, when our fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe,

Have

Have time to rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt defence, deſpair:
Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtraits,
And horrid'ſt dangers ſafely wav'd,
By being courageouſly outbrav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poiſons by themſelves expell'd:
And ſo they might be now again,
If we were, what we ſhould be, men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt ourſelves with Fate:
As criminals, condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And ſetting up exauns of Saints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace:
For ſpiritual men are too tranſcendent,
That mount their banks, for independent,
To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,
Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or ſtate:
Diſdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And, ſince obedience is better

Ver. 600.] *And ſetting up* exauns *of Saints.* This is falſe printed; it ſhould be written *exemts*, or *exempts*, which is a French word, pronounced *exauns*.

(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
Presume the less on 't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being call'd t' account or question:
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells;
And bid themselves turn back again
Lord Mayors of New Jerusalem;
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers to own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions;
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like charity, on those that want;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes;
For which they scorn and hate them worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the House of Commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phrases
But from our Calamies and Cases?
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?

Ver. 636.] Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents.

Their

Their Diſpenſations had been ſtifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield;
And, had they not begun the war,
They 'ad ne'er been ſainted as they are:
For Saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like ſtanding water,
In th' intervals of war and ſlaughter;
Abates the ſharpneſs of its edge,
Without the power of ſacrilege:
And though they 've tricks to caſt their ſins,
As eaſy as ſerpents do their ſkins,
That in a while grow out again,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And, from the moſt refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow miſcreants
As barnacles turn ſoland geeſe
In th' iſlands of th' Orcades.
Their Diſpenſation 's but a ticket
For their conforming to the Wicked,

Ver. 640.] *Adoniram Byfield.* He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the ſcribes to the Aſſembly of Divines; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was ſold for 400*l.* though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

Ver. 648.] It is an obſervation made by many writers upon the Aſſembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible they cautiouſly avoid ſpeaking upon the ſubject of ſacrilege.

With whom the greateſt difference
Lies more in words and ſhew than ſenſe:
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of ſtate;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well;
And, if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their ſpiritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated ſots
In fever ſtill, like other goats;
For though the Whore bends hereticks
With flames of fire, like crooked ſticks,
Our Schiſmatics ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter they 're they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their ſpiritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds;
For Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant;
And Independents to profeſs
The doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek, and ſecret, ſneaking ones,
To Rawheads fierce and Bloodybones;
And, not content with endleſs quarrels
Againſt the Wicked and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themſelves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,

But Saint and Saint, to ſpill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood,
Where neither ſide can lay pretence
To liberty of conſcience,
Or, zealous ſuffering for the Cauſe,
To gain one groat's-worth of applauſe;
For, though endur'd with reſolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to perſecution.
Shall precious Saints, and ſecret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the fleſh of Brethren,
Inſtead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themſelves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell 's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When ſavage bears agree with bears,
Shall ſecret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall maſtiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints, whoſe necks are pawn'd at ſtake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no power of heaven or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not gueſs there might be hopes,
The fear of gallowſes and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animoſities a while,

At leaſt until they 'ad a clear ſtage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of ſurpriſe
By both our common enemies?
This none but we alone could doubt,
Who underſtand their workings-out,
And know them, both in ſoul and conſcience,
Given up t' as reprobate a nonſenſe
As ſpiritual outlaws, whom the power
Of miracle can ne'er reſtore.
We whom at firſt they ſet-up under
In revelation only' of plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many trials
Of their incroaching ſelf-denials,
That rook'd upon us with deſign
To out-reform and undermine;
Took all our intereſts and commands
Perfidiouſly out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as miniſterial,
Like younger ſons of Father Belial:
And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong
They 'ad done us and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill, as we had begun;
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us, like the Cavaliers;

Nor

Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pillories and carts'-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the ſtate
Was forc'd before them to be at;
That cut, like tallies to the ſtumps,
Our ears for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our veſſels, like a new
Seal'd peck, or buſhel, for being true;
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cauſe againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One ſyllable of what we held.
And, though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,
Our inward men, and conſtant frame
Of ſpirit, ſtill were near the ſame;
And till they firſt began to cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Againſt the common enemy,
Although 'twas our and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon;
And yet for all this Goſpel-union,
And outward ſhew of Church-communion,
They 'd ne'er admit us to our ſhares,
Of ruling church or ſtate affairs,
Nor give us leave t' abſolve, or ſentence
T' our own conditions of repentance;

But ſhar'd our dividend o' the Crown
We had ſo painfully preach'd down,
And forc'd us, though againſt the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again;
For 'twas but juſtice to reſtore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
Who, for the right we 've done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal ſalvation,
And put our veſſels in a way,
Once more, to come again in play:
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only ſuffering
Is able to bring-in the King,
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a ſhare,
At leaſt, in carrying on th' affair:
But whether that be ſo or not,
We 've done enough to have it thought,
And that 's as good as if we 'ad done 't,
And eaſier paſs'd upon account:
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The world is naturally averſe
To all the truth it ſees or hears,
But ſwallows nonſenſe, and a lye,
With greedineſs and gluttony;

And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong;
As women long, when they 're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous and fulſome,
But ſeldom any thing that 's wholeſome;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
And what they 're confidently told,
By no ſenſe elſe can be control'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge-in Providence.
For, as relapſes make diſeaſes
More deſperate than their firſt acceſſes,
If we but get again in power,
Our work is eaſier than before,
And we more ready and expert
I' th' myſtery, to do our part:
We, who did rather undertake
The firſt war to create than make;
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds, as ſtrange, to carry 't on;
Trepann'd the ſtate, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own;
And if we did ſuch feats at firſt,
What can we, now we 're better verſt?
Who have a freer latitude,
Than ſinners give themſelves, allow'd;
And therefore likelieſt to bring-in,
On faireſt terms, our Diſcipline;

To

To which it was reveal'd long ſince
We were ordain'd by Providence,
When three Saints' ears, our predeceſſors,
The Cauſe's primitive confeſſors,
Being crucify'd, the nation ſtood
In juſt ſo many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by Six, expreſt
The perfect number of the Beaſt,
And prov'd that we muſt be the men
To bring this work about again;
And thoſe who laid the firſt foundation,
Complete the thorough Reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What Churches have ſuch able paſtors,
And precious, powerful, preaching Maſters?
Poſſeſs'd with abſolute dominions
O'er Brethren's purſes and opinions?
And, truſted with the double keys
Of heaven and their warehouſes;
Who, when the Cauſe is in diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what ſums they pleaſe,
That brooding lie in banker's hands,
To be diſpos'd at their commands,
And daily' increaſe and multiply
With Doctrine, Uſe and Uſury;

Ver. 841.] Burton, Prynne, and Baſtwicke, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, juſt at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

Can

Can fetch-in parties (as, in war,
All other heads of cattle are)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And ſhare them, from blue ribbands, down
To all blue aprons in the town:
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All guts and belly, like a crab,
Our party 's great, and better ty'd
With oaths, and trade, than any ſide;
Has one conſiderable improvement
To double fortify the Covenant;
I mean our Covenant to purchaſe
Delinquents' titles, and the Church's,
That paſs in ſale, from hand to hand,
Among ourſelves, for current land,
And riſe or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions;
Our beſt reſerve for Reformation,
When new Outgoings give occaſion;
That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their creed) t' aſſert;
And, when they 've pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient:
Who can already muſter friends
To ſerve for members to our ends,
That repreſent no part o' th' nation,
But Fiſher's-folly congregation;

Are

Are only tools to our intrigues,
And fit like geese to hatch our eggs;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' outfast, outloiter, and outsit,
Can order matters underhand,
To put all business to a stand;
Lay public bills aside for private,
And make them one another drive out;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary;
And make the nation represent,
And serve for us in Parliament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finish none,
Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
That always pass'd for fundamental;
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril

Ver. 909.] Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that House of Commons which begun the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump, or fag-end of a House, and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell; restored after Richard was outed, and at last dissolved themselves at General Monk's command: and as his name was set to the ordinances of this House, these ordinances are here called the *Bulls of Lenthal*, in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of *A Tale of a Tub*.

Of

Of both their ruins, th' only ſcope
And conſolation of our hope;
Who, though we do not play the game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving aim;
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A ſeconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a caſting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No*;
And, by adjuſting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend:
An art that ſo much ſtudy coſt,
And now 's in danger to be loſt,
Unleſs our ancient virtuoſo's,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the courſes that we took
To carry things by hook or crook,
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door.
Beſides, the herds of Boutefeus
We ſet on work without the Houſe,
When every knight and citizen
Kept legiſlative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points, of the rabble's ſenſe,

Ver. 934.] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who diſſented from their ten brethren in the caſe of ſhip-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer; which occaſioned the wags to ſay, that the King carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*.

And

And fill the lobbies of both Houſes
With politic important buzzes;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack deſigns without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our preſent uſe;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And every one his part rehearſe;
Make Q's of anſwers, to waylay
What th' other party 's like to ſay;
What repartees, and ſmart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who ſhall break the maſter-jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:
Help pamphlets out, with ſafe editions,
Of proper ſlanders and ſeditions,
And treaſon for a token ſend,
By letter, to a country friend;
Diſperſe lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falſer than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not truſt it, when
He 's in his calling to be ſeen;
Diſperſe the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of diſcord forth;
Be ſure to keep up congregations,
In ſpite of laws and proclamations:
For chiarlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd;

And when they 're puniſh'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't;
As long as confeſſors are ſure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in perſecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution:
Whence ſome tub-holders-forth have made
In powdering-tubs their richeſt trade;
And, while they kept their ſhops in priſon,
Have found their prices ſtrangely riſen;
Diſdain to own the leaſt regret
For all the Chriſtian blood we 've let;
'Twill ſave our credit, and maintain
Our title to do ſo again;
That needs not coſt one dram of ſenſe,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our conſtancy to our principles,
In time, will wear out all things elſe;
Like marble ſtatues, rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kiſſes;
While thoſe who turn and wind their oaths,
Have ſwell'd and ſunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they ſwung,

Ver. 995, 996.] Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, "That ſo ſure did they make of heaven, and ſo fully reckoned "themſelves in the high road thither, that they never ſo much "as thought that their Saintſhips ſhould take Tyburn in the "way."

As they had turn'd from ſide to ſide;
And as the changelings liv'd they dy'd.
  This ſaid, th' impatient Stateſmonger
Could now contain himſelf no longer,
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his piques
Againſt th' haranguer's politics.
With ſmart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After h' had adminiſter'd a doſe
Of ſnuff mundungus to his noſe,
And powder'd th' inſide of his ſcull,
Inſtead of the outward jobbernol,
He ſhook it with a ſcornful look
On th' adverſary, and thus he ſpoke:
  In dreſſing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With ſuch inſufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King
And keeping of him out one thing?
Which none could do, but thoſe that ſwore
T' as point-blank nonſenſe heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to aſſaſſinate to aid:

Ver. 1004.] *Grimaſhes*, edition 1674. Altered 1684.
Ver. 1007.] *Inſide of his* ſoul, in the firſt edition of 1678. Altered to *ſcull*, 1684, four years after Mr. Butler's death.

Unleſs,

Unleſs, becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No power is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your ſcore:
A ſpiritual doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly to all your uſes.
'Tis true, a ſcorpion's oil is ſaid
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dreſs'd with ſalves reſtore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Preſbyterians have
So much good-nature as the ſalve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Thoſe who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' arrears of all your ſervices,
And, for th' eternal obligation
Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd ſo unconſcionably hard,
As not to find a juſt reward
For letting rapine looſe, and murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further,
And, ſetting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a ſcantling, but no higher;
For venturing to aſſaſſinate
And cut the throats of Church and State,
And not be allow'd the fitteſt men
To take the charge of both again:
Eſpecially that have the grace
Of ſelf-denying gifted face;

Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second-hand;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;
For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd;
Till, finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the self-same score),
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul play,
And brought you down to rook and lye,
And fancy only on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles,
And rescued all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like aligators;
For which ingenuously ye 've shew'd
Your Presbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side;

Ver. 1065.] Alluding to the case of Mr. Prynne, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings.

To

To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conſcience and remorſe;
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;
And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apocryphal and falſe,
To charge us with the conſequences
Of all your native inſolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid Law and Goſpel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for precedent;
T' amend its errors and defects
With murther and rebellion texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to ſow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Chriſtian doctrine forth, and uſe;
As Mahomet (your chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran;

Ver. 1086. *Than maggots* are convinc'd *to flies.*] Thus it ſtands in all editions to 1710, excluſive, and then altered, *Than maggots* when they turn *to flies.*

Ver. 1093.] This was done by a fanatical printer, in the ſeventh commandment; who printed it, *Thou* ſhalt *commit adultery*, and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-commiſſion Court.

Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind;
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination;
Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.
While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd:

Ver. 1112. *Or Lunsford.*] It was one of the artifices of the Male-contents in the Civil war, to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once arraigned (says he) before the "House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges "of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of "those two or three men that first drew their swords in West-"minster-hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his "associates: at that time it was supposed they intended to cut "the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of "Peers." And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of so brutal an appetite that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more detestable, they made horrid pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

Transform'd

Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whose husbands were not for the Cause;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they came not out to battle;
Made taylors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz,
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not espouse the Saints' adventures:
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Inchant the King's and Church's lands,
T' obey and follow your commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill had done of old;
Could turn the Covenant, and translate
The Gospel into spoons and plate;
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open th' intricatest places;
Could catechise a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;
Until the Cause became a Damon,
And Pythias the wicked Mammon:
And yet, in spite of all your charms
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raise more devils in the rout,
Than e'er y' were able to cast out,
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools
Bred up (you say) in your own schools,
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit;

By whom you 've been so oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command;
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;
Of all your Dispensations worm'd;
Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the people's hate;
And spirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces,
Like better bowlers, in your places:
All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on th' account of persecution;
And though most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,
Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision:
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your posse of the rabble:
One single red-coat centinel
Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,
And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse.
We know too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers,
Or trust our safeties or undoings
To your disposing of Outgoings,

Or,

Or, to your ordering Providence,
One farthing's-worth of consequence.
For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man,
There 's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means;
And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep yourselves in power;
T' advance the interests of the Crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth
To wrong you) done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
And sanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying business in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model,
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great Croysado General:
Your greedy slavering to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, power;
That sprung the game you were to set,
Before ye 'ad time to draw the net:

Your ſpite to ſee the Church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your ſacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures:
Your envy to be ſprinkled down,
By under-churches in the Town,
And no courſe us'd to ſtop their mouths,
Nor th' Independents' ſpreading growths:
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true
None bring him in ſo much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and ſeal'd knots;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own raſh politics.
And this way you may claim a ſhare
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair;
Elſe frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns looſe,
And flies and mange, that ſet them free
From taſk-maſters and ſlavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indifferent man's conceit:
For who e'er heard of Reſtoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?
That is, the King's and Church's lands
Were ſequeſter'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to reſtore;
And, when the work was carrying on,
Who croſs'd it but yourſelves alone?

As

As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The Iſle of Wight
Will riſe up, if you ſhould deny 't,
Where Henderſon, and th' other Maſſes,
Were ſent to cap texts, and put caſes:

To

Ver. 1239. *Where Henderſon.*] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the Engliſh Parliament ſent him ſome propoſitions, one of which was the abolition of Epiſcopacy, and the ſetting up Preſbytery in its ſtead. Mr. Henderſon, one of the chief of the Scotch Preſbyterian miniſters, was employed to induce the King to agree to this propoſition, it being what his Majeſty chiefly ſtuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpoſe: the controverſy was debated in writing, as well as by perſonal conference, and ſeveral papers paſſed between them, which have been ſeveral times publiſhed; from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to aſſiſt him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think, it will be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then Engliſh and Scotch Preſbyterian teachers put together), and made him ſo far a convert, that he departed, with great ſorrow, to Edinburgh, with a deep ſenſe of the miſchief of which he had been the author and abettor; and not only lamented to his friends and confidents, on his death-bed, which followed ſoon after, but likewiſe publiſhed a ſolemn declaration to the Parliament and Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they "had been abuſed with moſt falſe aſperſions againſt his Majeſty, "and that they ought to reſtore him to his full rights, royal "throne, and dignity, leſt an endleſs character of ingratitude "lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin." As to the King himſelf, beſides mentioning his juſtice, his magnanimity, his ſobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has theſe words: "I do "declare,

To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:
As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a coursing in the schools,

" declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the " Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man " that ever I spake with, as far beyond my expression as expecta- " tion.—I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quick- " ness of his reasons and replies; wondered how he, spending " his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so " great knowledge; and must confess that I was convinced in " conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable " satisfaction: yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that " whatever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met " with any disputant of that mild and calm temper; which " convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be " without an extraordinary measure of divine grace. I dare say, " if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and " all the rapine that has been committed, would have been " prevented."

Ver. 1242. *Ob and Sollers.*] Whoever considers the context, will find that Ob and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow disputants, who are called *Masses* (as Mas is an abridgment of Master) that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars; particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut) where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions. In the margin of these books may be seen *Ob* and *Sol.* Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called *Ob* and *Sollers.*

Until

Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author,
O' th' Covenant, and the Cauſe his daughter:
For, when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been ſpilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' effuſion
In perſon, like Sir Pride or Hughſon;
But only thoſe who firſt begun
The quarrel were by him ſet on;
And who could thoſe be but the Saints,
Thoſe Reformation termagants?
But ere this paſs'd, the wiſe debate
Spent ſo much time it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' incloſe him with his warriors round;
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely ſophiſts out.

Ver. 1250. *Pride.*] Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in ſecluding the members, in order to the King's trial; which great change was called Colonel Pride's *Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper houſe. He is called Thomas Lord Pride, in the commiſſion for erecting a High Court of Juſtice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingſby, Dr. Hewit, *&c.* Mr. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of ſneer upon the manner of his being knighted; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-ſtick inſtead of a ſword.

Ibid. *Hughſon.*] He was a cobler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy ſtate of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper houſe.

Nor

Nor had the Uxbridge buſineſs leſs
Of nonſenſe in't, or ſottiſhneſs;
When from a ſcoundrel holder-forth,
The ſcum as well as ſon o' th' earth,
Your mighty ſenators took law;
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And ſacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To Doctrine, Uſe, and Application.
So when the Scots, your conſtant cronies,
Th' eſpouſers of your cauſe and monies,
Who

Ver. 1263.] This was Mr. Chriſtopher Love, a furious Preſbyterian, who, when the King's commiſſioners met thoſe of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a ſermon there, on the 30th of January, againſt the treaty, and ſaid, among other things, that "no good was to be "expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's com-"miſſioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood."

Ver. 1269, 1270.] The expence the Engliſh rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant ſum; their receipts in money and free-quarter, 1,462,769 *l.* 5 *s.* 3 *d.* William Lilly, the *Sidrophel* of this Poem, obſerves of the Scots, "That they came into "England purpoſely to ſteal our goods, raviſh our wives, enſlave "our perſons, inherit our poſſeſſions and birth-rights, remain "here in England, and everlaſtingly to inhabit among us."

Mr. Bowlſtrode, ſon of Colonel Bowlſtrode, a factious rebel in Buckinghamſhire, in his prayer before his ſermon, at Horton, near Colebrook, uſed the following words: "Thou haſt, O "Lord, of late, written bitter things againſt thy children, and "forſaken thine own inheritance; and now, O Lord, in our "miſery and diſtreſs we expected aid from our brethren of our "neigh-

Who had ſo often, in your aid,
So many ways been ſoundly paid,
Came in at laſt for better ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty friends,
You baſely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true Philiſtines.
This ſhows what utenſils y' have been,
To bring the King's concernments in;
Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into truſt,
Will find you moſt exactly juſt,
Such as will punctually repay
With double intereſt, and betray.
  Not that I think thoſe pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are leſs ingenious in their art,
Than thoſe who dully act one part;
Or thoſe who turn from ſide to ſide,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wiſe man's home,
And ſo are governments to ſome,

" neighbouring nation (the Scots I mean), but, good Lord, thou " knoweſt that they are a falſe, perfidious nation, and do all they " do for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled *Lex Talionis*, 1647, it is propoſed, as a preventing remedy, " to let the Scots, in the name " of God, or of the devil that ſent them, go home."

Who

Who change them for the ſame intrigues
That ſtateſmen uſe in breaking leagues;
While others in old faiths and troths
Look odd, as out-of-faſhion'd clothes,
And naſtier in an old opinion,
Than thoſe who never ſhift their linen.
For True and Faithful's ſure to loſe,
Which way ſoever the game goes;
And, whether parties loſe or win,
Is always nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in:
While power uſurp'd, like ſtol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right;
And, when the times begin to alter,
None riſe ſo high as from the halter.
And ſo may we, if we 'ave but ſenſe
To uſe the neceſſary means,
And not your uſual ſtratagems
On one another—lights and dreams:
To ſtand on terms as poſitive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant on crutches,
'Gainſt thoſe who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we 're ſure to prop our own;
Your conſtant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, 'twixt your inward ſenſe and outward,
Are worſe, than if y' had none, accoutred.
I grant all courſes are in vain,
Unleſs we can get in again;

The

The only way that 's left us now,
But all the difficulty 's how.
'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only power
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way,
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;
Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
T' expose to sale, besides the wages,
Of storing plagues to after-ages.
Nor is our money less our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon 't,
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What power can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate events
Can mend our next experiments;
For when we 're taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest chous't,
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights,
And, while they 're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?

How

How eaſy is 't to ſerve for agents
To proſecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old Cauſe on foot,
And preſent power from taking root;
Inflame them both with falſe alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of ſide to ſide;
Profeſs the paſſionat'ſt concerns
For both their intereſts by turns,
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd);
For if we ſhould be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other means
To ſtand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, though by other venters;
Unite them, and their different maggots,
As long and ſhort ſticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' eſpouſe;
Erect them into ſeparate
New Jewiſh tribes in Church and State;

Ver. 1362.] For *healing up*, in all editions to 1704, excluſive.
Ver. 1368.] *Of purpoſe falſe*, in all editions to 1704, excluſive.

To

To join in marriage and commerce,
And only' among themſelves converſe,
And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and ſtickle
From Conclave down to Conventicle;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the Light in being.
Sometimes for liberty of conſcience,
And ſpiritual miſrule in one ſenſe;
But in another quite contrary,
As Diſpenſations chance to vary;
And ſtand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their emiſſaries, impower'd
To preach Sedition and the Word;
And, when they 're hamper'd by the laws,
Releaſe the labourers for the Cauſe,
And turn the perſecution back
On thoſe that made the firſt attack,
To keep them equally in awe
From breaking or maintaining law:
And, when they have their fits too ſoon,
Before the full-tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal t' a fitter ſeaſon,
For ſowing faction in and treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches,
That, when the bleſſed time ſhall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,

They may be ready to reſtore
Their own Fifth monarchy once more.
Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
Againſt revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind ſides of it, as they happen:
For, if ſucceſs could make us Saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miſcreants;
A ſcandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the courſes we muſt run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
And not to ſtand on terms and freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our necks.
But do our work as out of ſight,
As ſtars by day, and ſuns by night;
All licence of the people own,
In oppoſition to the Crown;

Ver. 1419, 1420.] The author of the *Fourth Part of the Hiſtory of Independency*, p. 56, compares the governors of thoſe times with the Turks, who aſcribe the goodneſs of their cauſe to the keenneſs of their ſword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *proſperum*. Dr. Owen ſeems to have been in this way of thinking. "Where, "ſays he (*Eben Ezer*, p. 13. L'Eſtrange's *Diſſenter's Sayings*, "part ii. p. 11.), is the God of Marſton Moor, and the God of "Nazeby? is an acceptable expoſtulation in a glorious day. "O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead by in "a time of trouble? The God came from Nazeby, and the holy "One from the Weſt. *Selah.*"

And

And for the Crown as fiercely ſide,
The head and body to divide:
The end of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind.
Be ſure to ſpare no public rapin,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as eaſy to ſupplant
Authority, as men in want;
As ſome of us, in truſts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vaſtly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, foreſtall'd,
The other, by as ſly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects,
T' improve the factory of ſects;
The rule of faith in all profeſſions,
And great Diana of th' Epheſians;
Whence turning of religion 's made
The means to turn and wind a trade;
And though ſome change it for the worſe,
They put themſelves into a courſe,
And draw in ſtore of cuſtomers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
To nab the itches of their ſects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis hypocriſy as well
Will ſerve t' improve a Church as zeal;

As perfecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
Let buſineſs, like ill watches, go
Sometime too faſt, ſometime too ſlow;
For things in order are put out
So eaſy, eaſe itſelf will do 't:
But, when the feat 's deſign'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more eaſy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
All poſſible occaſions ſtart,
The weightieſt matters to divert;
Obſtruct, perplex, diſtract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of leſs import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our hooks for greater truſt.
But ſtill be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own;
The leaſt miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Expreſs the horrid'ſt deteſtation,
And pity the diſtracted nation;
Tell ſtories ſcandalous and falſe,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a ſubtle ſtateſman ſays,
Is half in words, and half in face

(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and ſhoulders, nods and ſhrugs);
Intruſt it under ſolemn vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Roſe,
To be retail'd again in whiſpers,
For th' eaſy credulous to diſperſe.
Thus far the Stateſman—When a ſhout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out;
And ſtrait another, all aghaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal fear and haſte,
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:
That beaſtly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the Town,
And ſtalls, and ſhop-boards—in vaſt ſwarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and ruſty arms,

Ver. 1504.] We learn from Lilly, that the meſſenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell. Sir Martyn tells his ſtory naturally, and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and ſtops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the Poem not to be diſregarded; and let the reader make an experiment, and ſhorten his breath, or, in other words, put himſelf into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will ſoon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

Ver. 1505.] This is an accurate deſcription of the mob's burning rumps upon the admiſſion of the ſecluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

To cry the Cauſe—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Biſhops—out of door,
Are now drawn up—in greater ſhoals,
To roaſt—and broil us on the coals,
And all the Grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgeſſes—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geeſe,
That ſerve for characters—and badges
To repreſent their perſonages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roaſt, and ſcorch, and broil,
And every repreſentative
Have vow'd to roaſt—and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already ſacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We 're grillied all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the ſign-poſt of an alehouſe,
Hang in effigie, on the gallows,
Made up of rags to perſonate
Reſpective officers of ſtate;
That, henceforth, they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready lifted under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box, of all his fellows;

Ver. 1534.] Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the ſame name.

The

The activ'ſt member of the five,
As well as the moſt primitive;
Who, for his faithful ſervice then,
Is choſen for a fifth again
(For ſince the State has made a quint
Of Generals, he 's liſted in 't):
This worthy, as the world will ſay,
Is paid in ſpecie his own way;
For, moulded to the life, in clouts
They 've pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He 's mounted on a hazel bavin,
A cropp'd malignant baker gave them;
And to the largeſt bonfire riding,
They 've roaſted Cook already' and Pride in;

Ver. 1540.] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the Houſe of Commons, was impeached 1641-2; was Governor of Newcaſtle upon Tyne, had the Biſhop of Durham's houſe, park, and manor of Aukland, and 6500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 8, 1661.

Ver. 1541, 1542.] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalſhip ſhould be veſted in five commiſſioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk ſhould be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued ſole General notwithſtanding.

Ver. 1550.] The wicked wretch, who acted as ſolicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treaſon againſt him, and had drawn up a formal plea againſt him, in caſe he had ſubmitted to the juriſdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He deſervedly ſuffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

On whom, in equipage and ſtate,
His ſcarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at Thankſgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd taliſman,
Like vermin in effigie ſlain.
  But (what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe rumps are but the tail o' th' Beaſt,
Set up by Popiſh engineers,
As by the crackers plainly' appears;
For none, but Jeſuits, have a miſſion
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the Church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up ſoldier.
Theſe ſpiritual pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the charge of all her ſtores,
Since firſt they fail'd in their deſigns,
To take-in heaven by ſpringing mines,
And with unanſwerable barrels
Of gunpowder diſpute their quarrels,
Now take a courſe more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open ſtreets,
Diſguis'd in rumps, like ſambenites,
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.
  Nor have they choſen rumps amiſs,
For ſymbols of State-myſteries,
Though ſome ſuppoſe 'twas but to ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the Saints, the few,

Who, 'cauſe they 're waſted to the ſtumps,
Are repreſented beſt by rumps.
But Jeſuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic prieſt Kircherus,
Found out this myſtic way to jeer us:
For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
T' expreſs their antique Ptolomies,
And by their ſtings, the ſwords they wore,
Held forth authority and power;
Becauſe theſe ſubtle animals
Bear all their intereſts in their tails,
And when they 're once impair'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their well-order'd ſtate;
They thought all governments were beſt
By hieroglyphic rumps expreſt.
  For as, in bodies natural,
The rump 's the fundament of all;
So, in a common-wealth or realm,
The government is call'd the Helm,
With which, like veſſels under ſail,
They 're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fiſhes ſteer
Their courſes with through ſea and air,
To whom the rudder of the rump is
The ſame thing with the ſtern and compaſs.

Ver. 1585. *Kircherus.*] Athanaſius Kircher, a Jeſuit, hath written largely on the Egyptian myſtical learning. *Kirkerus*, in the two firſt editions.

This

This shews how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump:
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head;
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.
The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there 's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of Art
Os sacrum justly style that part:
Then what can better represent,
Than this rump-bone, the Parliament,
That, after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
But now, alas! they 're all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;
Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress,
And paltry, private wretchedness;

Worse

Worſe than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of reſtoration;
And parted, like the body and ſoul,
From all dominion and control.
We, who could lately, with a look,
Enact, eſtabliſh, or revoke;
Whoſe arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluſter of whoſe huff,
All hats, as in a ſtorm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats;
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin 's juſt as low as high:
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall;
For ſome of us have ſcores more large
Than heads and quarters can diſcharge;
And others, who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amaſs'd,
Would gladly lay down all at laſt;
And, to be but undone, entail
Their veſſels on perpetual jail,

And

Ver. 1661, 1662.] This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed *in terrorem*. Thoſe that came in upon proclamation were brought to

And bleſs the devil to let them farms
Of forfeit ſoul, on no worſe terms.
This ſaid, a near and louder ſhout
Put all th' aſſembly to the rout;
Who now began to outrun their fear,
As horſes do, from thoſe they bear;
But crowded on with ſo much haſte,
Until they 'd block'd the paſſage faſt.

to the bar of the Houſe of Lords, 25th Nov. 1661, to anſwer what they could ſay for themſelves why judgment ſhould not be executed againſt them? They ſeverally alleged, "That, upon "his Majeſty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes "of the Parliament, &c. they did render themſelves, being "adviſed that they ſhould thereby ſecure their lives; and humbly "crav'd the benefit of the proclamation, &c." And Harry Martyn briſkly added, "That he had never obeyed any pro- "clamation before this, and hoped he ſhould not be hanged for "taking the King's word now." A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt, and ſo they were all ſent to their ſeveral priſons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and ſome others, eſcaped by flying among the Swiſs Cantons.

Ver. 1665, 1666.] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-bar; but, by the time he had concluded his diſcourſe, they were advanced near Whitehall and Weſtminſter. This alarmed our cabaliers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehenſion of being hanged or burned in reality, as ſome of them that very inſtant were in effigy. No wonder, therefore, they broke up ſo precipitately, and that each endeavoured to ſecure himſelf. The manner of it is deſcribed with a poetical licence, only to embelliſh this Canto with a diverting cataſtrophe.

And

And barricadoed it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a crippled piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken members,
Than have them grillied on the embers;
Still preſſing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The van-guard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled ſorely under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As leſſer pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd them with a freſh ſupply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuſcan running-horſe,
Whoſe jockey-rider is all ſpurs.

HUDIBRAS.

PART III. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bower by night.
He plods to turn his amorous ſuit,
T' a plea in law, and proſecute:
Repairs to counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the enterprize;
But firſt reſolves to try by letter,
And one more fair addreſs, to get her.

WHO would believe what ſtrange bugbears
Mankind creates itſelf, of fears,
That ſpring, like fern, that inſect weed,
Equivocally, without ſeed,
And have no poſſible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?

Our Poet now reſumes his principal ſubject: and the reaſon why he is ſo full in the recapitulation of the laſt adventure of our Knight and Squire is, becauſe we had loſt ſight of our heroes for the ſpace of the longeſt Canto in the whole Poem: this reſpite might probably occaſion forgetfulneſs in ſome readers, whoſe attention had been ſo long ſuſpended: it was therefore neceſſary that a repetition ſhould be made of the dark adventure, and that it ſhould be made clear and intelligible to the reader.

And

And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their nurſeries of elves.
For fear does things ſo like a witch,
'Tis hard to unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of ſenſes,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Roſicrucian virtuoſo's
Can ſee with ears, and hear with noſes;
And, when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſupplied by fear,
That makes them in the dark ſee viſions,
And hag themſelves with apparitions,
And, when their eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubtleſt objects beſt;
Do things not contrary, alone,
To th' courſe of Nature, but its own;
The courage of the braveſt daunt,
And turn pultroons as valiant:
For men as reſolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they 're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled, like lions, rout.
  This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies left *perdue*,
And haunted with detachments, ſent
From Marſhal Legion's regiment,

Was

Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and reſcued with a cheat;
When nothing but himſelf, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer;
As, by the rules o' th' virtuoſi,
It follows in due form of poeſie.
Diſguis'd in all the maſks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and deſperate courſe,
He knew no better than his horſe;
And, by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled,
He never was in greater need,
Nor leſs capacity of ſpeed;
Diſabled, both in man and beaſt,
To fly and run away, his beſt;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer ſide,
(As ſeamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horſe,
And, when the hackney fails moſt ſwift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift);

Ver. 36.] Alluding to Stephen Marſhal's bellowing out treaſon from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the *Geneva Bull*.

So,

So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the moon began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight;
And, while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid:

Ver. 67.] I have before observed, that we may trace our heroes morning and night. This particular is always essential in poetry, to avoid confusion and disputes among the critics. How would they have calculated the number of days taken up in the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradise Lost, if the poets had not been careful to lead them into the momentous discovery? Mr. Butler is as clear in this point as any of them: for, from opening of these Adventures, every morning and night have been poetically described; and now we are arrived at the third day.

But, when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the reſt,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho gueſs'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his ſtory to himſelf,
The Knight miſtook him for an elf;
And did ſo ſtill, till he began
To ſcruple at Ralpho's outward man,
And thought, becauſe they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's ſtead,
And act the ſaint's and devil's part,
With undiſtinguiſhable art,
They might have done ſo now, perhaps,
And put on one another's ſhapes;
And therefore, to reſolve the doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold ſprite
That took his place and ſhape to-night?

Some

Ver. 88.] *But ſhe convey'd him*, &c. Firſt edit. 1678. Altered, 1684, to *convey'd*.

Ver. 102, 103, 104.] Here is an amazing diſcovery opened. The Knight's dreadful apprehenſions vaniſh with night: no ſooner does the day break, but with joy he perceives his miſtake; he finds Ralpho in his company inſtead of an elf or a ghoſt; upon this he is agreeably ſurprized, as he was before terribly affrighted. But let us examine whether this meeting, and the reconciliation that follows it, are naturally brought about, ſince, the day before, they had mutually reſolved to abandon each other. I think he hath

Some busy independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I 'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose,
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Who 'as dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,
And from th' inchantments of a Widow,
Who 'a turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are;

hath judiciously formed this incident: for it is plain the Knight and the Squire were conscious they had wronged one another, the one by his base intentions, and the other by his treachery and gross imposition; but very fortunately they were ignorant of each other's designs, and, consequently, each thought himself the offender: it is, therefore, natural and probable that they should easily come to a good understanding. The Knight compounds with the Squire for his imposition as a ghost, not only from a sense of his own base intentions, but for the happy escape from witches, spirits, and elves, from which the Squire pretends to have freed him. On the other hand, the Squire is willing to re-enter into the Knight's service, and to attend him once more in his peregrinations, when he found this sham meritorious action had deluded him into a suspension of that resentment which he might justly have exerted: thus are they fortunately reconciled, and thus are these momentous Adventures continued, to the satisfaction of the reader, and applause of the Poet.

Ver. 103.] *Sprite*, in all the editions to 1726, inclusive. *Sprights*, edition 1739.

Ver. 110.] *Dunship*, in all editions to 1710. *Dunship*, in later editions.

Which you would gratefully repay,
Your conſtant Preſbyterian way.
That's ſtranger (quoth the Knight) and ſtranger;
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Purſu'd, and took me priſoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they ſaid or did:
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not ſee him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their ſorceries out of ſight,
T' avoid a fiercer, ſecond fight.
But didſt thou ſee no devils then?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,
A little worſe than fiends in hell,
And that ſhe-devil Jezabel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with deriſion,
To ſee them take your depoſition.
What then (quoth Hudibras) was he
That play'd the devil to examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parſon's gown;
Whom all the pariſh takes for gifted,
But for my part I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conſcientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confeſs'd
The naked truth of all the reſt,

More plainly than the reverend writer
That to our Churches veil'd his mitre;
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgel'd me to underwrite.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my helliſh fear?
Quoth he, I knew your conſtant rate,
And frame of ſpirit too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your conſtant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;

Ver. 145, 146.] Though there were more than one in thoſe times that this character would have ſuited, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham, Biſhop of Orkney, is ſneered at in this place by Mr. Butler. He was ſo baſe as to renounce and abjure Epiſcopacy, ſigning the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckneſs, in Strones, Feb. 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Biſhop Hall alludes (Epiſtle Dedicatory prefixed to his *Epiſcopacy by Divine Right*, &c. 1640, p. 1.) where he obſerves, "That he craved pardon for having accepted his Epiſcopal "function, as if he had thereby committed ſome heinous offence." Upon which he uſes the following exclamation, "Good God! "what is this I have lived to hear? That a biſhop, in a Chriſtian "aſſembly, ſhould renounce his Epiſcopal function, and cry "Mercy for his now abandoned calling."

Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,
And ſaw no farther harm remain
But feeble wearineſs and pain,
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the deſperat'ſt attack
To danger ſtill behind its back:
For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his paſt ſucceſs reflect;
T' examine and conſider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And, when no devil had appear'd,
What elſe it could be ſaid he fear'd,
It put him in ſo fierce a rage,
He once reſolv'd to re-engage;
Toſs'd, like a foot-ball, back again
With ſhame, and vengeance, and diſdain.
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer riſe,
And, when I 'ad half-reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamouſly baſe:
Was better cover'd by the new-
arriv'd detachment, than I knew;

To

To flight my new acquests, and run,
Victoriously, from battles won;
And, reckoning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;
To make me put myself to flight,
And, conquering, run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van.
All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powdering-tubs;
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse;
Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers;
Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain;
But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescued your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.

The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight,
Which, though as desperate in th' attempt,
Has given you freedom to condemn 't.
But, were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable and vain
To think of falling on again:
No martial project to surprize
Can ever be attempted twice,
Nor cast design serve afterwards;
As gamesters tear their losing-cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast
Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable:
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem t' amuse our foes,
To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat;
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.
Hence timely running 's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art;
By which some glorious feats atchieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive,
And cannons conquer armies while
They seem to draw off and recoil;

Is held the gallant'ſt courſe, and braveſt,
To great exploits, as well as ſafeſt;
That ſpares th' expence of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains;
And, in the end, prevails as certain
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt reſolution;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients crown'd their braveſt men,
That only ſav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If every one would ſave but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a battle 's won,
The war 's as far from being done;
For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
Go halves, at leaſt, i'-th' victory;
And ſometime, when the loſs is ſmall,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a gun,
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
Made ſquibs and crackers overcome;
To ſet the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,

Diſperſe the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells;
And, though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to ſing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with religious blaſphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a lye,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For thoſe who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And, when the fight becomes a chace,
Thoſe win the day that win the race;
And that which would not paſs in fights,
Has done the feat with eaſy flights,
Recover'd many a deſperate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Reſtor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
And made them ſtoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;
With th' uncontrol'd decrees of Fate
To victory neceſſitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return;
Or elſe their ſultan populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's.
Quoth Hudibras, I underſtand
What fights thou mean'ſt at ſea and land,

Ver. 300. *With Bacrack.*] Or *Backarach*. *Bacrack*, edition 1684, and following editions.

And

And who thoſe were that run away,
And yet gave out they 'ad won the day;
Although the rabble ſous'd them for 't,
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not ſo reſolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unleſs it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of proviſion,
The whole deſign o' th' expedition,
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting in all beaſts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn guts to death;
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt renown,
That bring the other ſtomachs down.
There 's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine,
And feats of arms, to plot, deſign,
Surprize, and ſtratagem, and mine;
But have no need nor uſe of courage,
Unleſs it be for glory' or forage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one ſide venturing to advance,

Ver. 328.] *The other's ſtomachs*, edition 1700, and following ones.

And

And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully' i' th' rear,
And forc'd, with terrible reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a diſtance;
To pick out ground t' incamp upon,
Where ſtore of largeſt rivers run,
That ſerve, inſtead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from ſide to ſide may ſkip,
And only' encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the ſtouter-hearted,
The certainer they 're to be parted,
And therefore poſt themſelves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their ſtrict ally.
For 'tis not now who's ſtout and bold?
But who bears hunger beſt, and cold?
And he 's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at ſtarving;
And he that routs moſt pigs and cows,
The formidableſt man of proweſs,
So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the Britiſh ſea,
Took crabs and oyſters priſoners,
And lobſters, 'ſtead of cuiraſſiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce buſtles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muſſels,
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of ſcallops;

Not

Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But, when he went to dine or ſup,
More bravely ate his captives up,
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to victualling of a camp well.
Quoth Ralph, By all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worſe
Than take this out-of-faſhion'd courſe;
To hope, by ſtratagem, to wooe her,
Or waging battle to ſubdue her;
Though ſome have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into amorous fancies;
As thoſe who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And ſtout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and ſide.
But, ſince thoſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd
By ſuch addreſſes to be gain'd;
And if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no courſe ſo infeaſible,
As this of force, to win the Jezabel,
To ſtorm her heart, by th' antic charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms;
But rather ſtrive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.

Your caſe is clear, you have her word
And me to witneſs the accord;
Beſides two more of her retinue
To teſtify what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or ſeal, or breaking gold,
For which ſo many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that, unleſs I miſs the matter,
Is all the buſineſs you look after.
Beſides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than thoſe in war,
In which the law does execution,
With leſs diſorder and confuſion;
Has more of honour in 't, ſome hold,
Not like the new way, but the old,
When thoſe the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead:
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms,
And, whatſoe'er 's atchiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:

For,

For, whether you prevail or lose,
All must be try'd there in the close;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to ere ye 've done.
  The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but wooe;
That makes the most perfidious lover,
A lady, that 's as false, recover;
And, if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.
  For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages;
Who, though their business at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which they' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side;
And, though we 're all as near of kindre
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest single-fangle;
While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than t' argue at their own expence.

But make their beſt advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiſs;
And, out of foreign controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their purſes;
But have no intereſt in the cauſe
For which they' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further proſpect than their pay,
Whether they loſe or win the day.
And, though they' abounded in all ages
With ſundry learned clerks and ſages;
Though all their buſineſs be diſpute,
Which way they canvaſs every ſuit,
They 've no diſputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert;
While all profeſſions elſe are found
With nothing but diſputes t' abound:
Divines of all ſorts, and phyſicians,
Philoſophers, mathematicians;
The Galeniſt and Paracelſian,
Condemn the way each other deals in;
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their dreams,
That in their ſleeps they talk of ſchemes;
And heralds ſtickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.

Ver. 475.] Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelſus was born in the latter-end of the 15th, and lived almoſt to the middle of the 16th century.

But

But lawyers are too wise a nation
T' expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession 's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats;
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.
For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward Light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a Declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools
Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies,
They 'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own
(All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse),

Ver. 507.] *Cry'd him down*, edition 1678, 1684. *Cry'd them down*, 1700, and following editions.

Reſolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by diſguiſe;
And, after ſtubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by tranſition, fall upon
The reſolution as his own.
Quoth he, This gambol thou adviſeſt
Is, of all others, the unwiſeſt;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There 's nothing ſillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing 's certain but th' expence;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverſe
My ſuit and title to her favours;
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is ſillier than a ſottiſh chouſe,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,
Applies himſelf to cunning-men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play:
For to reduce her by main force
Is now in vain; by fair means, worſe;

But worſt of all to give her over,
Till ſhe 's as deſperate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until they 're never to be won.
But, ſince I have no other courſe,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worſe,
He that complies againſt his will,
Is of his own opinion ſtill,
Which he may' adhere to, yet diſown,
For reaſons to himſelf beſt known;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel reſolves to ſue;
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin,
Inevitably, firſt with him;
For I've receiv'd advertiſement,
By times enough, of his intent;
And, knowing he that firſt complains
Th' advantage of the buſineſs gains;
For courts of juſtice underſtand
The plaintiff to be eldeſt hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver,
The other nothing till he ſwear;
Is freely' admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing cuſtom in,
Has all advantages to win:
I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counſel, to adviſe
Which way t' encounter or ſurprize:

And, after long conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occaſion,
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As counſellor, and juſtice too.
And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for ſuch a caſe.
An old dull ſot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell-dock,
At Weſtminſter, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where, in all governments and times,
He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindering juſtice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;
Cart-loads of bawds to priſon ſent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a truſty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the conſtable to ſeize
All thoſe that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though ſometimes commoners or lords,
And kept them priſoners of courſe,
For being ſober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind them over, for his fee.
Made monſters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practiſe in their ways;

Farm'd out all cheats, and went a ſhare
With th' headborough and ſcavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' ſtreets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmoleſted, pay;
Let out the ſtocks, and whipping-poſt,
And cage, to thoſe that gave him moſt;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for falſe weights, on chandeleers;
Made victualers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and conſtant friend
To all that regularly' offend;
As reſidentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive ſtol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful myſteries,
And pay church-duties and his fees;
But was implacable and awkward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counſel in his law-affairs;
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for ſhew,
Like neſt-eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his falſe opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his caſe;

Ver. 619.] *Auker'd*, editions 1678, 1684.

Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd;
And, to aſſure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgel'd—Very well.
And now he brags to have beaten me.
—Better, and better ſtill, quoth he.
And vows to ſtick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Beſt of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When he 'as confeſs'd he ſtole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cauſe that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, whether I ſhould beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?—I underſtand.
Or bring my action of converſion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreſon.
Or, if 'tis better to indict,
And bring him to his trial?—Right.
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' ſtate againſt him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this caſe has the better end on 't;
Who, putting in a new croſs-bill,
May traverſe the action?—Better ſtill.
Then there 's a lady, too—Aye, marry.
That 's eaſily prov'd acceſſary;

A Widow,

A Widow, who, by ſolemn vows
Contracted to me, for my ſpouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforeſaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the devil of hell;
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an aſſault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And falſe impriſonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horſe,
And ſtole my ſaddle—Worſe and worſe.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage.
Sir (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt man alive to claim:
For if they 've us'd you as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my caſe, I 'd give
More than I 'll ſay, or you 'll believe:
I would ſo trounce her, and her purſe,
I 'd make her kneel for better or worſe;
For matrimony and hanging, here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure may pick and chuſe,
As croſs I win, and pile you loſe:

And, if I durſt, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any caſe I 've known;
But we that practiſe dare not own:
The law ſeverely contrabands
Our taking buſineſs off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainſt our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To ſtick a pin in, left of either;
For which ſome do the ſummer-fault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may ſwear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the ſtate;
For in all courts of juſtice here
A witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my purpoſe pat—)
For Juſtice, though ſhe 's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide inclin'd,
Like Charity; elſe right and wrong
Could never hold it out ſo long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a ſleight
Convey men's intereſt and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As eaſily as *Hocus Pocus*;
Plays faſt and looſe, makes men obnoxious;
And clear again, like *biccius doctius*.

Then,

Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The business to the law 's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expences
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To Affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.
For that (quoth he), let me alone;
We 've store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
That 's well (quoth he); but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch;

And

Ver. 723.] *Alone*, in all editions to 1704, inclusive, *All one*, in later editions.

Ver. 742.] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century; a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age

And when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 've time enough to deal with her.
In th' interim ſpare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the banns;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait them well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle and ſurprize
Her heedleſs anſwers and replies;
And if ſhe miſs the mouſe-trap lines,
They 'll ſerve for other bye-deſigns;
And make an artiſt underſtand
To copy out her ſeal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper,
To ſteal in ſomething to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, ſhe has endow'd ye:
Retain all ſorts of witneſſes,
That ply i' th' Temples, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Poſts,
About the croſs-legg'd knights, their hoſts;
Or wait for cuſtomers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn;

age every thing that ſeemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and ſo both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of ſtudying the black art. Bongey alſo, publiſhing a treatiſe of natural magic, confirmed ſome well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundleſs, for Bongey was choſen Provincial of his order, being a perſon of moſt excellent parts and piety.

Where

Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And Affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only neceſſary tools,
Beſides the Goſpel, and their ſouls;
And, when ye 're furniſh'd with all purveys,
I ſhall be ready at your ſervice.
I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
A ſtraw to underſtand a caſe,
Without the admirable ſkill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and ſteer a cauſe,
Againſt the weather-gage of laws
And ring the changes upon caſes,
As plain as noſes upon faces,
As you have well inſtructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.

Ver. 782.] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have ſuited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water-poet, p. 101. "May the Terms be everlaſting to "thee, thou man of tongue; and may contentions grow and "multiply! may actions beget actions, and caſes engender caſes, "as thick as hops; may every day of the year be a Shrove-"Tueſday; let proclamations forbid fighting, to encreaſe actions "of battery; that thy caſſock may be three-piled, and the "welts of thy gown may not grow thread-bare!"

I long

I long to practiſe your advice,
And try the ſubtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid.
As, not long after, thus he did;
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN

HEROICAL EPISTLE*

OF

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæſar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And, from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exerciſe in battle,
By you turn'd out to graſs with cattle:
For, ſince I am deny'd acceſs
To all my earthly happineſs,
Am fallen from the paradiſe
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;

* This Epiſtle was to be the reſult of all the fair methods the Knight was to uſe in gaining the Widow; it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwary anſwer. If the plot ſucceeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his deſires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him ſuch a handle as he longed for: on the contrary, her Anſwer ſilenced all his pretenſions.

Loſt

Loſt to the world and you, I 'm ſent
To everlaſting baniſhment,
Where all the hopes I had to 've won,
Your heart, being daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet, if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your doom before you hear,
You 'd find, upon my juſt defence,
How much you 've wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you 'd have it thought;
To undergo the loſs of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there 's a difference in the caſe,
Between the noble and the baſe;
Who always are obſerv'd to 've done 't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cauſe,
To ſalve, in honour, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe who 're niceſt of their honour:
The other, for baſe gain and pay,
Forſwear and perjure by the day,
And make th' expoſing and retailing
Their ſouls and conſciences a calling.
It is no ſcandal nor aſperſion,
Upon a great and noble perſon,

To

To say he naturally abhorr'd
Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the great,
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make them pass for wondrous wise.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish th' innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine,
You 're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by 't.
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This ye 've acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer;

But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far they' engage;
And, where the ſenſe by cuſtom 's checkt,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But juſt as he ſees others do;
Nor are they' oblig'd to be ſo brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as beſt-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So trueſt oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore ſhould they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For, as the law of arms approves
All ways to conqueſt, ſo ſhould Love's;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty Love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the ſubject of a caſe?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be over-rul'd by thoſe made after?
Commit the cenſure of its cauſe
To any but its own great laws?
Love, that 's the world's preſervative,
That keeps all ſouls of things alive;

Controls

Controls the mighty power of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature, that reſtores
As faſt as Time and Death devours;
To whoſe free-gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For Love 's the only trade that 's driven,
The intereſt of ſtate in heaven,
Which nothing but the ſoul of man
Is capable to entertain,
For what can earth produce, but Love,
To repreſent the joys above?
Or who, but Lovers, can converſe,
Like angels, by the eye-diſcourſe?
Addreſs and compliment by viſion,
Make love and court by intuition?
And burn in amorous flames as fierce
As thoſe celeſtial miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to ſo great an end?
Or Heaven itſelf a ſin reſent,
That for its own ſupply was meant?
That merits, in a kind miſtake,
A pardon for th' offence's ſake?
Or if it did not, but the cauſe
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no ſenſe of love or hate,

That have no paſſion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals as ſtrict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.
Then, ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why ſhould he who made addreſs
All humble ways, without ſucceſs,
And met with nothing in return
But inſolence, affronts, and ſcorn,
Not ſtrive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his deſign?
He who was us'd ſo unlike a ſoldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder?
And, after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary ſcourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Inſulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invaſion of his beard;
And, when your ſex was foully ſcandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by deſpicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his guard;

When horſes, being ſpurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why ſhould you, whoſe mother-wits
Are furniſh'd with all perquiſites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nurſing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully ſex, and we uſe none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows,
Againſt your ſtratagems t' oppoſe,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no leſs put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into ambuſhes:
As pirates all falſe colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to ſurprize us, ſpread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Diſplay them thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raiſe more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' leſs ſubtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In towers, and curls, and perriwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thankſgiving beard;
Prepoſterouſly t' entice and gain
Thoſe to adore them they diſdain;

And only draw them in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he 's brave,
T' his miſtreſs but the more a ſlave,
And whatſoever ſhe commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he 's oblig'd t' obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt or juſt.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he would elſe forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withſtand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when neceſſity 's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjuſt or bad:
And therefore when the mighty powers
Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces, not to be withſtood
By frail inamour'd fleſh and blood,
All I have done, unjuſt or ill,
Was in obedience to your will;
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are thoſe ſcandals I confeſt,
Againſt my will and intereſt,
More than is daily done, of courſe,
By all men, when they 're under force:
Whence ſome, upon the rack, confeſs
What th' hangman and their prompters pleaſe;
But are no ſooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.

But when the devil turns confeſſor,
Truth is a crime he take no pleaſure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under:
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The firſt that on th' adventure went;
All mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does, the ſame, or worſe.
For what romance can ſhew a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not ſteer a nearer courſe,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at firſt was held a crime,
Has turn'd to honourable in time.
To what a height did Infant Rome,
By raviſhing of women, come?
When men upon their ſpouſes ſeiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd;
They ne'er forſwore themſelves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;
Nor took the pains t' addreſs and ſue,
Nor play'd the maſquerade, to wooe:
Diſdain'd to ſtay for friends' conſents,
Nor juggled about ſettlements;

Ver. 230.] *And daily does*, in all editions to 1716, inclusive. *Daily do*, 1726, &c.

Did need no licenſe, nor no prieſt,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to aſſiſt,
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In th' holy ſtate of matrimony,
Before they ſettled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death departs;
Nor would endure to ſtay until
They 'ad got the very bride's good will,
But took a wife and ſhorter courſe
To win the ladies, downright force;
And juſtly made them priſoners then,
As they have, often ſince, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckieſt of all Love's intrigues;
And, when they had them at their pleaſure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leiſure;
For, after matrimony 's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deſerves, for every minute, more
Than half a year of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that beſt way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known
By ſuit or treaty to be won;
And ſuch as all poſterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
  For women firſt were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;

And therefore men have power to chuſe,
But they no charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what courſe
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirecteſt way,
'Tis no injuſtice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that courſe,
As we take you, for better or worſe,
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe.
For why ſhould every ſavage beaſt
Exceed his great Lord's intereſt?
Have freer power than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Becauſe the laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the power he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend
One law of Nature to ſuſpend;
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt clauſe, is to repel.
This, if men rightly underſtood
Their privilege, they would make good,
And not, like ſots, permit their wives
T' incroach on their prerogatives;
For which ſin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in ſlavery;

And this ſome precious Gifted Teachers,
Unreverently reputed Leachers,
And diſobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye ſuffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault:
But I forget myſelf, and rove
Beyond th' inſtructions of my love.
Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to ſhow
Exceſs of love and temper too;
All I have ſaid that 's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have ſo ſovereign a controul
O'er that poor ſlave of your's, my ſoul,

Ver. 305, 306.] Sir Roger L'Eſtrange (*Key to Hudibras*) mentions Mr. Caſe as one; and Mr. Butler, in his Poſthumous works *, mentions Dr. Burgeſs and Hugh Peters: and the writer of a letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 9. obſerves of Peters, "That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got "both mother and daughter with child."—"I am glad, ſays an "anonymous perſon (Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. IV. p. 734.) "to hear that Mr. Peters ſhews his head again; it was reported "here (Amſterdam, May 5, 1655) that he was found with a "whore a-bed, and he grew mad, and ſaid nothing but O blood, "O blood, that troubles me."

* It may be proper to obſerve here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems beſides thoſe in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Longueville, and publiſhed by Mr. Thyer in 1759; which are all inſerted in this volume.

That,

That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventured loſs of heaven too;
Both with an equal power poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you bleſt;
But none like him, who 's deſtin'd either
To have or loſe you both together;
And, if you 'll but this fault releaſe
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe),
I 'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I ſwore,
And expiate, upon my ſkin,
Th' arrears in full of all my ſin:
For 'tis but juſt that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing penance for delay;
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.
The Knight, peruſing this Epiſtle,
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whiſtle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applauſe, t' himſelf, twice over;
Subſcrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble diſtance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;
Then ſeal'd it with his coat of love,
A ſmoking faggot—and above,
Upon a ſcroll—I burn and weep,
And near it—For her Ladyſhip,
Of all her ſex moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle hands preſent;

Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With leſſons how to obſerve and eye her.

She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the letter:
But, gueſſing that it might import,
Though nothing elſe, at leaſt her ſport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a ſmile and leering flout;
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

THE

LADY'S ANSWER

TO

THE KNIGHT.

THAT you 're a beaſt, and turn'd to graſs,
Is no ſtrange news, nor ever was,
At leaſt to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your ſword and ſpurs were won
In combat by an Amazon;
That ſword that did, like Fate, determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in ſingle fight,
Diſarm'd and wreſted from its Knight;
Your heels degraded of your ſpurs,
And in the ſtocks cloſe priſoners,
Where ſtill they 'ad lain, in baſe reſtraint,
If I, in pity' of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Releas'd them from the worſt of priſons;

And what return that favour met
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you ſtrove t' evade
The oaths you had in priſon made;
Forſwore yourſelf, and firſt deny'd it,
But after own'd, and juſtify'd it;
And, when ye 'ad falſely broke one vow,
Abſolv'd yourſelf by breaking two:
For, while you ſneakingly ſubmit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Diſcourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears,
And doubting 'twas in vain to ſue,
You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only courſe;
We have no title nor pretence
To body, ſoul, or conſcience,
But ought to fall to that man's ſhare
That claims us for his proper ware:
Theſe are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you uſe;
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between ſoliciting and ranting!
Like ſturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But, ſince you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies,

Or

Or forfeitures, which every lover,
That would but sue for, might recover;
It is not hard to understand
The mystery of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your amorous hearts on fire:
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian Dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those two rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
The perriwigs you make us wear;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I 've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals, and jargones;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;

What

What raptures fond and amorous,
O' th' charms and graces of my houſe;
What ecſtaſy and ſcorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name;
What, from th' unnatural deſire
To beaſts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender ſigh and trickling tear
Longs for a thouſand pounds a-year;
And languiſhing tranſports are fond
Of ſtatute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
  Theſe are th' attracts which moſt men fall
Inamour'd, at firſt ſight, withal;
To theſe they' addreſs with ſerenades,
And court with balls and maſquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye 'ave ſuffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they 'll prove ſo nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That, all your oaths and labour loſt,
They 'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Poſt.
This is not meant to diſapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt part
Of mankind ſtudy 't as an art;
For love ſhould, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And, where there 's ſubſtance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and ſound,
Than that which has the ſlighter baſis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;

Which

Which is of ſuch thin ſubtlety,
It ſteals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again as nice a way.
But love, that its extraction owns
From ſolid gold and precious ſtones,
Muſt, like its ſhining parents, prove
As ſolid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' expreſs
Our charms and graces but by theſe;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?
This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force them t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Caſt earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the ſettlement 's in force,
Take all the reſt for better or worſe;
For money has a power above
The ſtars, and fate, to manage love;
Whoſe arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miſs, are tipp'd with gold.
And, though ſome ſay the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names;
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurſe, the huſband, and the bride,

Feel

Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
And wooe and contract in their names,
And, as they christen, use to marry them,
And, like their gossips, answer for them;
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money;
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
And, when they 're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right; but, for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than fetters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break or bow;
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but wooe?
Such as beforehand swear and lye,
For earnest to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less?
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last;
And, when their crimes were made appear,
As plain as witnesses can swear,
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lye.

Nor

Nor are the virtues you confeſs'd
T' your ghoſtly father, as you gueſs'd,
So ſlight as to be juſtify'd,
By being as ſhamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would paſs,
Point-blank, on both ſides of a caſe;
Or credit were not to be loſt
B' a brave Knight-errant of the Poſt,
That eats perfidiouſly his word,
And ſwears his ears through a two-inch board;
Can own the ſame thing, and diſown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con*;
Can make the Goſpel ſerve his turn,
And help him out, to be forſworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiſt,
To be betray'd and ſold, like Chriſt.

Ver. 183.] The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangeliſts, which denominates it A corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in thoſe iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Chriſtopher Love, in the year 1651, one *Jaquel*, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was queſtioned for it, he anſwered, "I am as good "as under an oath." In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract Caſtle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleſton, when he challenged one *Brook*, his profeſſed enemy, the Court anſwered, He ſpoke too late; Brook was ſworn already. Brook being aſked the queſtion, whether he were ſworn or no, replied, "He had not yet kiſſed the book." The Court anſwered, That was no matter; it was but a ceremony; he was recorded ſworn, and there was no ſpeaking againſt a record.

Theſe are the virtues in whoſe name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no leſs will ſatisfy,
Than all the ſex, your tyranny:
Although you 'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern ſuch a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For, if you all were Solomons,
And wiſe and great as he was once,
You 'll find they 're able to ſubdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to uſe the ſleight;
For, when we find ye 're ſtill more taken
With falſe attracts of our own making,
Swear that 's a roſe, and that's a ſtone,
Like ſots, to us that laid it on,
And, what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own falſe jewels counterfeit:

For

For by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like heaven,
Too rich a present to be given.
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond?
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd:
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!

And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the privilege you boaſt,
And falſely' uſurp'd, or vainly loſt,
Is now our right, to whoſe creation
You owe your happy reſtoration.
And if we had not weighty cauſe
To not appear, in making laws,
We could, in ſpite of all your tricks,
And ſhallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in ſhew) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You baſely after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourſelves our ſlaves;
And, 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our intereſts own,
Like ſots, ſuppoſe we have no ſhares
In ordering you and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at ſecond-hand;
As if a pilot, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers,
And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor ſtar,
And did not guide the man of war:

Nor

Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there;
While, like the mighty Preſter John,
Whoſe perſon none dares look upon,
But is preſerv'd in cloſe diſguiſe,
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a power, unſeen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emperors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;

Who,

Ver. 277.] Preſter John, an abſolute prince, emperor of Abyſſinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had ſeventy kings for his vaſſals, and ſo ſuperb and arrogant, that none durſt look upon him without his permiſſion.

Ver. 285.] Joan of Arc, called alſo *The Pucelle*, or *Maid of Orleans*. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuſe, daughter of James de Arc and Iſabella Romee; was bred up a ſhepherdeſs in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty ſhe pretended to an expreſs commiſſion from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then beſieged by the Engliſh, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almoſt reduced to the laſt extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almoſt ruined. She knew that prince in the midſt of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was ſomething ſupernatural in her conduct. She ſent for a ſword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catherine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the *croſs* and *fleur de lis* were engraven; which put the King in a very great

Who, though a ſpinſter, yet was able
To ſerve France for a Grand Conſtable.
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the Judges, and the Cauſe;
Preſcribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainſt which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greateſt weight,
In all the world's affairs of ſtate;
Are miniſters of war and peace,
That ſway all nations how we pleaſe.
We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' ſpirits in all Conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;

ſurprize, in regard none beſides himſelf knew of it: upon this he ſent her with the command of ſome troops, with which ſhe relieved Orleans, and drove the Engliſh from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At laſt ſhe was unfortunately taken priſoner in a ſally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or ſorcereſs, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

Ver. 288.] All this is a ſatire on King Charles II. who was governed ſo much by his miſtreſſes: particularly this line ſeems to allude to his French miſtreſs, the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth, given by that Court; whom ſhe ſerved in the important poſt of governing King Charles as they directed.

For

For nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that price, as what we ſell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magiſtrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war ſtrike ſail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of ſtate,
Untimely rais'd, or magiſtrate,
That 's haughty and imperious?
He 's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cauſe to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are your guardians, that increaſe,
Or waſte your fortunes how we pleaſe;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can diſpoſe, alone,
Whether your heirs ſhall be your own,
To whoſe integrity you muſt,
In ſpite of all your caution, truſt;
And, 'leſs you fly beyond the ſeas,
Can fit you with what heirs we pleaſe,
And force you t' own them, though begotten
By French valets, or Iriſh footmen.
Nor can the rigorouſeſt courſe
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe;

Who ſtill, the harſher we are us'd,
Are further off from being reduc'd,
And ſcorn t' abate, for any ills,
The leaſt punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits to apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when ye 've try'd all ſorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the ſword,
To fight our battles in our ſteads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in deſpite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and ſtorms, and ſeas,
Our pride and vanity t' appeaſe;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and beſt thoughts;
To do your exerciſe for honour,
And have your brains beat out the ſooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And ſtill appear the more induſtrious,
The more your projects are prepoſterous;
To ſquare the circle of the arts,
And run ſtark mad to ſhew your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we ſee cauſe;

Be our ſolicitors and agents,
And ſtand for us in all engagements.
  And theſe are all the mighty powers
You vainly boaſt to cry down ours,
And, what in real value 's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Becauſe yourſelves are terrify'd,
And ſtoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and ſubmit:
By your example, loſe that right
In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
And, terrified into an awe,
Paſs on ourſelves a Salique law;
Or, as ſome nations uſe, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race;
Let men uſurp th' unjuſt dominion,
As if they were the better women.

THE END OF HUDIBRAS.

THE

GENUINE REMAINS

OF

MR. BUTLER.

PREFACE.

IT would be very unjuſt to the memory of a writer ſo much and ſo juſtly eſteemed as Butler, to ſuppoſe it neceſſary to make any formal apology for the publication of theſe *Remains*. Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his claſs, cannot fail of recommending itſelf to every reader of taſte; and all that can be required from the Publiſher is, to ſatisfy the World that it is not impoſed upon by falſe and ſpurious pretenſions.

This has already been attempted in the printed Propoſals for the ſubſcription; but as the periſhing form of a looſe paper ſeems too frail a monument to preſerve a teſtimony of ſo much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the ſubſtance of what I obſerved upon that occaſion—That the Manuſcripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing, as evidently appears from ſome original letters of his found amongſt them—That, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple; who, as the writer of Butler's life informs us, was at the charge of burying him—That, upon Mr. Longueville's deceaſe, they became the property of his ſon, the late Charles Longueville, Eſq; who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Eſq; and that this gentleman has been

prevailed

prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

"I do hereby certify, That the Papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer are the *original manuscripts* of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

Walgherton, Cheshire, Nov. 20, 1754. JOHN CLARKE."

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this Work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of Butler; yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance; others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the Poet's character and memory, and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader which the Posthumous Works of every writer have a just claim to.

It

It is, I know, a common obſervation, that it is doing injuſtice to a departed genius to publiſh fragments, or ſuch pieces as he had not given the laſt hand to.—Without controverting the juſtneſs of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular caſe, and that a writer of ſo extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of Hudibras is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of fooliſh fondneſs to purchaſe at a great expence, or preſerve with a particular care, the unfiniſhed works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is eſteemed a mark of fine taſte to procure, at almoſt any price, the rough ſketches and half-formed deſigns of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated maſter. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman ſtatuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itſelf obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible ſcraps of an ancient claſſic; no reaſon can, I think, be aſſigned why a genius of more modern date ſhould not be entitled to the ſame privilege, except we will abſurdly and enthuſiaſtically fancy that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals.—It may be added, alſo, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almoſt ſingular, too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his muſt acquire a proportionable degree of value and curioſity.

I ſhall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own ſentiments upon theſe

these *remains*; and shall rather chuse to wait for the judgment of the Public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me that I have faithfully discharged the office of an Editor, and shall leave to future critics the pleasure of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The Notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the Author's meaning, by reciting and explaining some circumstances, not generally known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but observe that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions *.

Although my Author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets, the world may probably think that the Publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner.—All that I have to say, and to persons of candour I need to say no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own.

* In the present edition, such only are retained as are necessary to bring the reader acquainted with the several less-usual allusions.

THE

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON *.

A Learn'd ſociety of late,
The glory of a foreign ſtate,
Agreed upon a ſummer's night,
To ſearch the Moon by her own light;
To take an inventory of all
Her real eſtate, and perſonal;
And make an accurate ſurvey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The fly ſurveyors ſtole a ſhire:
T' obſerve her country, how 'twas planted,
With what ſh' abounded moſt, or wanted;
And make the proper'ſt obſervations
For ſettling of new plantations,
If the Society ſhould incline
T' attempt ſo glorious a deſign.
This was the purpoſe of their meeting,
For which they choſe a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.

* This Poem was intended by the Author for a ſatire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at leaſt, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuoſi taſte, and a whimſical fondneſs for ſurpriſing and wonderful ſtories in natural hiſtory.

And now the lofty tube, the ſcale
With which they heaven itſelf aſſail,
Was mounted full againſt the Moon,
And all ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient who ſhould have the honour
To plant an enſign firſt upon her,
When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoſo then in chief,
Approv'd the moſt profound and wiſe,
To ſolve impoſſibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glaſs his judging eye,
Cry'd, Strange!—then reinforc'd his ſight
Againſt the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the reſt began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpriz'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not underſtand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the ſun ſhines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Againſt the ſun and th' enemy)
Which they count towns and cities there,
Becauſe their people 's civiller

Than thoſe rude peaſants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both ſides ſlain,
As by the glaſs 'tis clear and plain,
Look quickly then, that every one
May ſee the fight before 'tis done.
With that a great philoſopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of ſingular invention,
But univerſal comprehenſion,
Apply'd one eye, and half a noſe,
Unto the optic engine cloſe:
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publiſh in a book,
That men, whoſe natural eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To ſee with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of thoſe,
To make an optic of a noſe,
As clearly' it may, by thoſe that wear
But ſpectacles, be made appear,
By which both ſenſes being united,
Does render them much better ſighted.
This great man, having fix'd both ſights
To view the formidable fights,

Obſerv'd his beſt, and then cry'd out,
The battle's deſperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a ſally
Upon the ſtubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
These ſilly ranting Privolvans,
Have every ſummer their campaigns,
And muſter, like the warlike ſons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as Soland geeſe
I' th' iſlands of the Orcades,
Courageouſly to make a ſtand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter 's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And ſpend the reſt o' th' year in lies,
And vapouring of their victories.
From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence tranſlated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the moſt ſtupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,
They ſtill retain the antique courſe
And cuſtom of their anceſtors,
And always ſing and fiddle to
Things of the greateſt weight they do.

While

While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' aſſembly with the Privolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And ſolid judgment, in the Moon,
That underſtood her various ſoils,
And which produc'd beſt genet-moyles,
And in the regiſter of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a ſtart, and ſtar'd—
Quoth he, A ſtranger ſight appears
Than e'er was ſeen in all the ſpheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An Elephant from one of thoſe
Two mighty armies is broke looſe,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, leſt the ſight of us
Should cauſe the ſtartled beaſt t' imboſs.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
And ſince the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Thoſe living caſtles firſt, 'tis thought,
Againſt the Romans, in the field,
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece)

To prove what this illuſtrious perſon
Has made ſo noble a diſcourſe on,
And amply ſatisfy'd us all
Of the Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are in the Moon,
Though we had now diſcover'd none,
Is eaſily made manifeſt,
Since, from the greateſt to the leaſt,
All other ſtars and conſtellations
Have cattle of all ſorts of nations,
And heaven, like a Tartar's hord,
With great and numerous droves is ſtor'd:
And if the Moon produce by Nature,
A people of ſo vaſt a ſtature,
'Tis conſequent ſhe ſhould bring forth
Far greater beaſts, too, than the earth
(As by the beſt accounts appears
Of all our great'ſt diſcoverers);
And that thoſe monſtrous creatures there
Are not ſuch rarities as here.
Meanwhile the reſt had had a ſight
Of all particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' Elephant his ſhare,
Proud of his intereſt in the glory
Of ſo miraculous a ſtory;
When one, who for his excellence
In heightening words and ſhadowing ſenſe,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microſcopic wit,

Was magnify'd himſelf no leſs
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, tranſported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.
Moſt excellent and virtuous Friends,
This great diſcovery makes amends
For all our unſucceſsful pains,
And loſt expence of time and brains:
For, by this ſole phænomenon,
We 've gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a paſs, to hold diſpute
With all the planets that ſtand out;
To carry this moſt virtuous war
Home to the door of every ſtar,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Againſt their proudeſt magnitudes;
To ſtretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our enſigns,
Upon the fix'd ſtars' vaſt dimenſions,
(Which Archimede, ſo long ago,
Durſt not preſume to wiſh to do)
And prove if they are other ſuns,
As ſome have held opinions,
Or windows in the empyreum,
From whence thoſe bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire (as others gueſs)
That ſhine i' th' mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have atchiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,

And have no more our beſt deſigns,
Becauſe they 're ours, believ'd ill ſigns.
T' out-throw, and ſtretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor ſhall our ableſt virtuoſos
Prove arguments for coffee-houſes;
Nor thoſe devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor thoſe made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our ſtricteſt judges, right or wrong;
Nor ſhall our paſt misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient ſcore;
No more our making old dogs young
Make men ſuſpect us ſtill i' th' wrong;
Nor new-invented chariots draw
The boys to courſe us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurſe,
To turn them into mungrel-curs,
Make them ſuſpect our ſculls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little;
Nor ſhall our ſpeculations, whether
An elder-ſtick will ſave the leather
Of ſchoolboys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one diſcovery 's enough
To take all former ſcandals off—
But ſince the world 's incredulous
Of all our ſcrutinies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our beſt and worſt experiments,

(As if they' were deſtin'd to miſcarry,
In conſort try'd, or ſolitary)
And ſince it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again,
Let us as cautiouſly contrive
To draw an exact Narrative
Of what we every one can ſwear
Our eyes themſelves have ſeen appear,
That, when we publiſh the Account,
We all may take our oaths upon 't.
This ſaid, they all with one conſent
Agreed to draw up th' Inſtrument,
And, for the general ſatisfaction,
To print it in the next Tranſaction.
But whilſt the chiefs were drawing up
This ſtrange Memoir o' th' teleſcope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And from the weſt ſide of the Moon
To th' eaſt was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a ſtop
To what the reſt were drawing up;
And every man, amaz'd anew
How it could poſſibly be true,
That any beaſt ſhould run a race
So monſtrous, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Reſolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At leaſt as poſſible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than queſtion what he 'ad ſeen with them.

While all were thus resolv'd, a man
Of great renown there thus began—
'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Especially' at so hugely vast
A distance as this wonder's plac'd,
Where the least error of the sight
May shew things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary proof:
For who can say that Nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?
Nor is it like she has infus'd,
In every species there produc'd,
The same efforts she does confer
Upon the same productions here,
Since those with us, of several nations,
Have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so much to use
Variety in all she does.
Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant
We 'ave seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may differ so
From those upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,
As being of a different breed,
That though our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be Elephants, no less
Than those of Indian pedigrees.

This ſaid, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wiſe, then ſaid—All this is true,
And learnedly obſerv'd by you:
But there 's another reaſon for 't,
That falls but very little ſhort
Of mathematic demonſtration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But ſo prodigiouſly faſt,
That vaſter ſpaces may be paſt
In leſs time than the beaſt has gone,
Though he 'ad no motion of his own,
Which we can take no meaſure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference,
And make this great phænomenon
(Were there no other) ſerve alone
To clear the grand hypotheſis
Of th' motion of the earth from this.
With this they all were ſatisfy'd,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd ſide,
Applauded the profound diſpute,
And grew more gay and reſolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;

And, to complete their Narrative,
Agreed t' infert this ftrange retrieve.
But while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for diverfion too,
As having nothing elfe to do,
Seeing the telefcope at leifure,
Turn'd virtuofos for their pleafure;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As thofe they waited on had done.
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practife what they fee;
When one, whofe turn it was to peep,
Saw fomething in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, difcover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, A little thing is flunk
Into the long ftar-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down fo nigh,
I have him juft againft mine eye.
This being overheard by one
Who was not fo far overgrown
In any virtuous fpeculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guefs
At folving all appearances,
A way far more fignificant
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,
And found, upon a fecond view,
His own hypothefis moft true;

For he had ſcarce apply'd his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a Mouſe was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, ſhut between
The two glaſs windows in reſtraint,
Was ſwell'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the virtuous occaſion
Of all this learned diſſertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they ſay, and bore
A ſilly mouſe; this mouſe, as ſtrange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile the reſt in conſultation
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,
And ſet their hands, and ſeals, and wit,
T' atteſt the truth of what they 'ad writ,
When this accurs'd phænomenon
Confounded all they 'ad ſaid or done:
For 'twas no ſooner hinted at,
But they' all were in a tumult ſtrait,
More furiouſly enrag'd by far,
Than thoſe that in the Moon made war,
To find ſo admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed t' have ſeen 't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obſtructed with a paltry doubt:
When one, whoſe taſk was to determine,
And ſolve th' appearances of vermin,
Who 'ad made profound diſcoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,

(Though

(Though not ſo curious, 'tis true,
As many a wiſe rat-catcher knew)
After he had with ſigns made way
For ſomething great he had to ſay;
* This diſquiſition
Is, half of it, in my * diſciſſion;
For though the Elephant, as beaſt,
Belongs of right to all the reſt,
The Mouſe, being but a vermin, none
Has title to but I alone;
And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.
It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the Town,
That rants and ſwears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If every one have leave to doubt,
When ſome great ſecret 's half made out;
And, 'cauſe perhaps it is not true,
Obſtruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing elſe but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do:
For truth is too reſerv'd, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd ſocieties;
Delights in ſolitary abodes,
And never ſhews herſelf in crowds;
A ſullen little thing, below
All matters of pretence and ſhow;

* Sic Orig. That

That deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but rare and ſtrange,
To treat the world with what is fit
And proper to its natural wit;
The world, that never ſets eſteem
On what things are, but what they ſeem,
And, if they be not ſtrange and new,
They 're ne'er the better for being true.
For what has mankind gain'd by knowing
His little truth, but his undoing,
Which wiſely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden?
And therefore with great prudence does
The world ſtill ſtrive to keep it cloſe;
For if all ſecret truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone?
For truth has always danger in 't,
And here, perhaps, may croſs ſome hint
We have already agreed upon,
And vainly fruſtrate all we 'ave done,
Only to make new work for Stubs,
And all the academic clubs.
How much, then, ought we have a care
That no man know above his ſhare,
Nor dare to underſtand, henceforth,
More than his contribution's worth;
That thoſe who 'ave purchas'd of the college
A ſhare, or half a ſhare, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent repute,
Should not b' admitted to diſpute,

Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend come to?
For partners have been always known
To cheat their public intereſt prone;
And if we do not look to ours,
'Tis ſure to run the ſelf-ſame courſe.
This ſaid, the whole aſſembly' allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,
Reſolv'd to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find or make it ſuch:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of ſtrong conceit,
Than with vexatious pains and doubt
To find, or think t' have found, her out.
This being reſolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Mouſe, and Moon;
But ſtill the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unſatisfy'd;
In no one thing they ſaw agreeing,
As if they 'ad ſeveral faiths of ſeeing.
Some ſwore, upon a ſecond view,
That all they 'ad ſeen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One ſyllable of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his ſnout could be no Mouſe's,
But a true Elephant's proboſcis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,

And knew not whether to eſpouſe
The cauſe of th' Elephant or Mouſe.
Some held no way ſo orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box,
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And, for their private ſatisfaction,
To re-examine the Tranſaction,
And after explicate the reſt,
As they ſhould find cauſe for the beſt.
To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole aſſembly gave conſent;
But, ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the firſt phænomenon:
For, at the end, prodigious ſwarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all paſt muſter, by miſchance,
Both for the Sub- and Privolvans.
This being diſcover'd, put them all
Into a freſh and fiercer brawl,
Aſham'd that men ſo grave and wiſe
Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble inſects' ſwarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
As vain as thoſe who, when the Moon
Bright in a cryſtal river ſhone,
Threw caſting-nets as ſubtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water.

But when they had unſcrew'd the glaſs,
To find out where th' impoſtor was,
And ſaw the Mouſe, that, by miſhap,
Had made the teleſcope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be ſo openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this diſcovery alone:
That thoſe who greedily purſue
Things wonderful inſtead of true;
That in their ſpeculations chuſe
To make diſcoveries ſtrange news,
And natural hiſtory a Gazette
Of tales ſtupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they pleaſe;
In vain ſtrive Nature to ſuborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with ſcorn.

Ver. 509, 510.] From this moral application of the whole, one may obſerve that the Poet's real intention, in this ſatire, was not to ridicule real and uſeful philoſophy, but only that conceited and whimſical taſte for the marvellous and ſurprizing, which prevailed ſo much among the learned of that age: and though it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the many uſeful improvements then made in natural knowledge, yet, in juſtice to the ſatiriſt, it muſt be confeſſed that theſe curious inquirers into Nature did ſometimes, in their reſearches, run into a ſuperſtitious and unphiloſophical credulity, which deſerved very well to be laughed at; and which was afterwards ſo happily ridiculed in the "Tranſactioncer" of Dr. King.

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE *.

A Virtuous, learn'd ſociety, of late,
The pride and glory of a foreign ſtate,
Made an agreement, on a ſummer's night,
To ſearch the Moon at full by her own light;
To take a perfect inventory of all
Her real fortunes, or her perſonal;

* After the Author had finiſhed this ſtory in ſhort verſe, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was compoſed after the other, is manifeſt from its being wrote oppoſite to it upon a vacant part of the ſame paper: and though in moſt places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verſe with an additional foot, preſerving the ſame thought and rhyme, yet as it is a ſingular inſtance in its way, and has beſides, many conſiderable additions and variations, which tend to illuſtrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curioſity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objections of thoſe who may think it inſerted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am ſure, no apology is neceſſary.

And make a geometrical ſurvey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The ſly ſurveyor 's ſaid t' have ſunk a ſhire:
T' obſerve her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
And what ſhe moſt abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her propereſt ſituations
For ſettling, and erecting new plantations,
If ever the Society ſhould incline
T' attempt ſo great and glorious a deſign:
" A taſk in vain, unleſs the German Kepler
" Had found out a diſcovery to people her,
" And ſtock her country with inhabitants
" Of military men and Elephants:
" For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
" Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponneſe,
" Till he appear'd; for which, ſome write, ſhe ſent
" Upon his tribe as ſtrange a puniſhment."
This was the only purpoſe of their meeting,
For which they choſe a time and place moſt fitting,
When, at the full, her equal ſhares of light
And influence were at their greateſt height.
And now the lofty teleſcope, the ſcale,
By which they venture heaven itſelf t' aſſail,

Ver. 17.] This and the following verſes, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing compoſition; and are diſtinguiſhed, as well as the reſt of the ſame kind, by being printed with inverted commas.

Was rais'd, and planted full againſt the Moon,
And all the reſt ſtood ready to fall on,
Impatient who ſhould bear away the honour
To plant an enſign, firſt of all, upon her.
When one, who for his ſolid deep belief
Was choſen virtuoſo then in chief,
Had been approv'd the moſt profound and wiſe
At ſolving all impoſſibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic glaſs his penetrating eye,
Cry'd out, O ſtrange!—then reinforc'd his ſight
Againſt the Moon with all his art and might,
And bent the muſcles of his penſive brow,
As if he meant to ſtare and gaze her through;
While all the reſt began as much t' admire,
And, like a powder train, from him took fire,
Surpriz'd with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they would, but could not underſtand,
And grew impatient to diſcover what
The matter was they ſo much wonder'd at.
Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the ſun ſhines hotteſt about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they uſe to fortify
Againſt the ſunbeams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Becauſe th' inhabitants are civiller
Than thoſe rude country peaſants that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground;

Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in ſtate of open war;
And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both ſides kill'd and ſlain,
As by the teleſcope 'tis clear and plain,
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May ſee his ſhare before the battle 's done.
At this a famous great philoſopher,
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near,
As one of wondrous ſingular invention,
And equal univerſal comprehenſion;
" By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
" For all the world to learn, and uſe in bargain,
" An univerſal canting idiom,
" To underſtand the ſwinging pendulum,
" And to communicate, in all deſigns,
" With th' Eaſtern virtuoſi Mandarines;"
Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a noſe,
To th' end and centre of the engine cloſe:
For he had very lately undertook
To vindicate, and publiſh in a book,
That men, whoſe native eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable art be brought
To ſee with empty holes, as well and plain
As if their eyes had been put in again.
This great man, therefore, having fix'd his ſight
T' obſerve the bloody formidable fight,
Conſider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
'Tis true, the battle's deſperately fought;

The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
And from their trenches valiantly ſally,
To fall upon the ſtubborn enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
  Theſe paltry domineering Privolvans,
Have, every ſummer-ſeaſon, their campaigns,
And muſter, like the military ſons
Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,
As great and numerous as Soland geeſe
I' th' ſummer-iſlands of the Orcades,
Courageouſly to make a dreadful ſtand,
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter 's come,
And then diſband, and march in triumph home,
And ſpend the reſt of all the year in lyes,
And vapouring of their unknown victories.
From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
To be, before the Moon herſelf, deriv'd,
And, when her orb was firſt of all created,
To be from thence to people her tranſlated:
For, as thoſe people had been long reputed,
Of all the Peloponneſians, the moſt ſtupid,
Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
T' endure the civil life, but fiddling,
They ever ſince retain the antique courſe
And native frenzy of their anceſtors,
And always uſe to ſing and fiddle to
Things of the moſt important weight they do.
  While thus the virtuoſo entertains
The whole aſſembly with the Privolvans,

" Another ſophiſt, but of leſs renown,
" Though longer obſervation of the Moon,"
That underſtood the difference of her ſoils,
And which produc'd the faireſt genet-moyles,
" But for an unpaid weekly ſhilling's penſion
" Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"
Who, after poring tedious and hard
I' th' optic engine, gave a ſtart, and ſtar'd,
And thus began—A ſtranger ſight appears
Than ever yet was ſeen in all the ſpheres!
A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld!

Ver. 121, 122.] In the ſhorter verſe it ſtands thus:

Another of as great renown,
And ſolid judgment in the Moon.

And though the variation in words is but ſmall, it makes a conſiderable difference in the character.

Ver. 125, 126.] Theſe two verſes are inſerted inſtead of the following in the other copy in ſhort meaſure:

And in the regiſter of Fame
Had enter'd his long-living name.

The Poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards croſſed them out,

And firſt found out the building Paul's,
And paving London with ſea-coals.

I tranſcribe them, to gratify the curioſity of ſuch as are deſirous to inveſtigate who the particular perſons are that are deſigned by theſe characters.

A mighty

A mighty Elephant from one of thoſe
Two fighting armies is at length broke looſe,
And, with the deſperate horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright!
Look quickly; leſt the only ſight of us
Should cauſe the ſtartled creature to imboſs.
It is a large one, and appears more great
'Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet;
From which we confidently may infer,
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
And ſince, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Thoſe living caſtles firſt of all, 'tis thought,
Againſt the Roman army in the field,
It may a valid argument be held,
(The fame Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
To vindicate what this illuſtrious perſon
Has made ſo learn'd and noble a diſcourſe on,
And given us ample ſatisfaction all
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are really in the Moon,
Although our fortune had diſcover'd none,
Is eaſily made plain, and manifeſt,
Since, from the greateſt orbs, down to the leaſt,
All other globes of ſtars and conſtellations
Have cattle in them of all ſorts and nations,
And heaven, like a northern Tartar's hord,
With numerous and mighty droves is ſtor'd:
And, if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A people of ſo large and vaſt a ſtature,

'Tis

'Tis more than probable she should bring forth
A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth;
As, by the best accounts we have, appears
Of all our credibleſt discoverers;
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fet rarities as here.
  Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a sight
Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with diligence and care,
Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his equal interest in the glory
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story;
When one, who for his fame and excellence
In heightening of words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microscopic wit,
Had long been magnify'd himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges,
Began, at last (transported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.
  Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,
This great discovery fully makes amends
For all our former unsuccessful pains,
And lost expences of our time and brains:
For, by this admirable phænomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass, t' engage and hold dispute
With all the other planets that stand out;
And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,

And

And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Againſt the proudeſt of their magnitudes;
To ſtretch our future victories beyond
The uttermoſt of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our enſigns,
Upon the fix'd ſtars' ſpacious dimenſions,
To prove if they are other ſuns or not,
As ſome philoſophers have wiſely thought;
Or only windows in the empyreum,
Through which thoſe bright effluvias uſe to come;
Which Archimede, ſo many years ago,
Durſt never venture but to wiſh to know.
Nor is this all that we have now atchiev'd,
But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our beſt or worſt deſigns,
Becauſe they 're ours, ſuſpected for ill ſigns.
T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
Nor ſhall our beſt and ableſt virtuoſos
Prove arguments again for coffee-houſes;
" Nor little ſtories gain belief among
" Our criticalleſt judges, right or wrong:"

Nor

Ver. 203, 204.] Theſe two lines are here inſerted in a different and better place than they were in the ſhorter verſe, where they made a ſort of parentheſis; and the two following lines are alſo omitted:

Like flames of fire, as others gueſs,
That ſhine i' th' mouths of furnaces.

Ver. 213.] In this latter part of the ſpeech, Butler makes a conſiderable

Nor ſhall our new-invented chariots draw
The boys to courſe us in them without law;
" Make chips of elms produce the largeſt trees,
" Or ſowing ſaw-duſt furniſh nurſeries:
" No more our heading darts (a ſwinging one!)
" With butter only harden'd in the ſun:
" Or men that uſe to whiſtle loud enough
" To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
" 'Cauſe all the reſt, we own and have avow'd,
" To be believ'd as deſperately loud."
Nor ſhall our future ſpeculations, whether
An elder-ſtick will render all the leather
Of ſchoolboys' breeches proof againſt the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one diſcovery will prove enough
To take all paſt and future ſcandals off:
But ſince the world is ſo incredulous
Of all our uſual ſcrutinies and us,
And with a conſtant prejudice prevents
Our beſt as well as worſt experiments,
As if they were all deſtin'd to miſcarry,
As well in conſort try'd as ſolitary;
And that th' aſſembly is uncertain when
Such great diſcoveries will occur again;
'Tis reaſonable we ſhould, at leaſt, contrive
To draw up as exact a Narrative

conſiderable variation, by adding, omitting, and altering; which it would be both tedious and unneceſſary minutely to point out, as the reader may ſo eaſily compare the two Poems.

Of

Of that which every man of us can ſwear
Our eyes themſelves have plainly ſeen appear,
That, when 'tis fit to publiſh the Account,
We all may take our ſeveral oaths upon 't.
This ſaid, the whole aſſembly gave conſent
To drawing up th' authentic Inſtrument,
And, for the nation's general ſatisfaction,
To print and own it in their next Tranſaction:
But while their ableſt men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir o' th' teleſcope,
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,
That from the weſt-by-north ſide of the Moon
To th' eaſt-by-ſouth was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a ſudden ſtop
To all their grandees had been drawing up;
And every perſon was amaz'd anew,
How ſuch a ſtrange ſurprizal ſhould be true,
Or any beaſt perform ſo great a race,
So ſwift and rapid, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Reſolv'd, as ſuddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they could,
And rather choſe their own eyes to condemn,
Than queſtion what they had beheld with them.
While every one was thus reſolv'd, a man
Of great eſteem and credit thus began—
'Tis ſtrange, I grant! but who, alas! can ſay
What cannot be, or juſtly can, and may?
Eſpecially at ſo hugely wide and vaſt
A diſtance as this miracle is plac'd,

Where the leaſt error of the glaſs, or ſight,
May render things amiſs, but never right?
Nor can we try them, when they 're ſo far off,
By any equal ſublunary proof:
For who can juſtify that Nature there
Is ty'd to the ſame laws ſhe acts by here?
Nor is it probable ſhe has infus'd,
Int' every ſpecies in the Moon produc'd,
The ſame efforts ſhe uſes to confer
Upon the very ſame productions here;
Since thoſe upon the earth, of ſeveral nations,
Are found t' have ſuch prodigious variations,
And ſhe affects ſo conſtantly to uſe
Variety in every thing ſhe does.
From hence may be inferr'd that, though I grant
We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may chance to differ ſo
From thoſe with us upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, as well as force and ſpeed,
As being of a different kind and breed,
That though 'tis true our own are but ſlow-pac'd,
Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as faſt,
And yet be very Elephants, no leſs
Than thoſe deriv'd from Indian families.
This ſaid, another member of great worth,
Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
" In which the mannerly and modeſt author
" Quotes the Right Worſhipful his elder brother,"
Look'd wiſe a while, then ſaid—All this is true,
And very learnedly obſerv'd by you;

But

But there 's another nobler reaſon for 't,
That, rightly' obſerv'd, will fall but little ſhort
Of ſolid mathematic demonſtration,
Upon a full and perfect calculation;
And that is only this—As th' earth and moon
Do conſtantly move contrary upon
Their ſeveral axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally faſt,
That larger diſtances may well be paſt
In leſs time than the Elephant has gone,
Although he had no motion of his own;
Which we on earth can take no meaſure of,
As you have made it evident by proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim title to another inference,
And make this wonderful phænomenon
(Were there no other) ſerve our turn alone
To vindicate the grand hypotheſis
And prove the motion of the earth from this.
This ſaid, th' aſſembly now were ſatisfy'd,
As men are ſoon upon the bias'd ſide;
With great applauſe receiv'd th' admir'd diſpute,
And grew more gay, and briſk, and reſolute,
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
Than if th' occaſion never had fall'n out;
Reſolving to complete their Narrative,
And punctually inſert this ſtrange retrieve.
But while their grandees were diverted all
With nicely wording the Memorial,

The footboys, for their own diverſion, too,
As having nothing, now, at all to do,
And when they ſaw the teleſcope at leiſure,
Turn'd virtuoſos, only for their pleaſure;
" With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity,
" That take delight to practiſe all they ſee,"
Began to ſtare and gaze upon the Moon,
As thoſe they waited on before had done:
When one, whoſe turn it was by chance to peep,
Saw ſomething in the lofty engine creep,
And, viewing carefully, diſcover'd more
Than all their maſters hit upon before.
Quoth he, O ſtrange! a little thing is ſlunk
On th' inſide of the long ſtar-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down ſo low and nigh,
I have him here directly 'gainſt mine eye.
This chancing to be overheard by one
Who was not, yet, ſo hugely overgrown
In any philoſophic obſervation,
As to conclude with mere imagination,
And yet he made immediately a gueſs
At fully ſolving all appearances
A plainer way, and more ſignificant,
Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant;
And quickly found, upon a ſecond view,
His own conjecture, probably, moſt true;
For he no ſooner had apply'd his eye
To th' optic engine, but immediately
He found a ſmall field-mouſe was gotten in
The hollow teleſcope, and, ſhut between

The two glaſs-windows, cloſely in reſtraint,
Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
And prov'd the happy virtuous occaſion
Of all this deep and learned diſſertation.
And, as a mighty mountain, heretofore,
Is ſaid t' have been got with child, and bore
A ſilly mouſe, this captive mouſe, as ſtrange,
Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile the grandees, long in conſultation,
Had finiſh'd the miraculous Narration,
And ſet their hands, and ſeals, and ſenſe, and wit,
T' atteſt and vouch the truth of all they 'ad writ,
When this unfortunate phænomenon
Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
For 'twas no ſooner told and hinted at,
But all the reſt were in a tumult ſtrait,
More hot and furiouſly enrag'd by far,
Than both the hoſts that in the Moon made war,
To find ſo rare and admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed and ſworn t' have ſeen 't,
And had engag'd themſelves to make it out,
Obſtructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
When one, whoſe only taſk was to determine
And ſolve the worſt appearances of vermin,
Who oft' had made profound diſcoveries
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
(Though not ſo curious and exact, 'tis true,
As many an exquiſite rat-catcher knew),
After he had a while with ſigns made way
For ſomething pertinent he had to ſay;

At laſt prevail'd—Quoth he, This diſquiſition
Is, the one half of it, in my diſciſſion;
For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beaſt,
Belongs, of natural right, to all the reſt,
The Mouſe, that 's but a paltry vermin, none
Can claim a title to but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely, with regard.
It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
And made the table-talk of all the Town,
That rants and vapours ſtill, for all our great
Deſigns and projects, we 've done nothing yet,
If every one have liberty to doubt,
When ſome great ſecret 's more than half made out,
Becauſe, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a ſtop to all w' attempt to do.
As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever 's like to be, by Truth alone,
If nothing elſe but only truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do:
" For truth is always too reſerv'd and chaſte,
" T' endure to be, by all the Town embrac'd;
" A ſolitary anchorite, that dwells,
" Retir'd from all the world, in obſcure cells,"
Diſdains all great aſſemblies, and defies
The preſs and crowd of mix'd ſocieties,
That uſe to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and ſtrange,
To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius and its wit;

The world, that 's never found to ſet eſteem
On what things are, but what they' appear and ſeem;
And, if they are not wonderful and new,
They 're ne'er the better for their being true;
" For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
" Of wantonneſs and luxury o' th' mind,
" A greedineſs and gluttony o' th' brain,
" That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
" And grows more deſperate, like the worſt diſeaſes
" Upon the nobler part (the mind) it ſeizes?"
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truth, unleſs his own undoing,
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
And therefore with as great diſcretion does
The world endeavour ſtill to keep it cloſe;
For if the ſecrets of all truths were known,
Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in 't,
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint
The whole aſſembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,
" By giving footboys leave to interpoſe,
" And diſappoint whatever we propoſe;"
For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs,
And all the buſy academic clubs,
" For which they have deſerv'd to run the riſks
" Of elder-ſticks, and penitential friſks."
How much, then, ought we have a ſpecial care
That none preſume to know above his ſhare,

Nor take upon him t' underſtand, henceforth,
More than his weekly contribution 's worth;
That all thoſe that have purchas'd of the college
A half, or but a quarter ſhare, of knowledge,
And brought none in themſelves, but ſpent repute,
Should never be admitted to diſpute,
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?
For partners have perpetually been known
T' impoſe upon their public intereſt prone;
And, if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be ſure to run the ſelf-ſame courſe.
This ſaid, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
And, from the apparent truth of what they 'ad heard,
Reſolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their intereſts to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it ſuch:
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions, like truth, out of ſtrong conceit,
Than with vexatious ſtudy, pains and doubt
To find, or but ſuppoſe t' have found, it out.
This being reſolv'd, th' aſſembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon;
But ſtill the more and curiouſer they pry'd,
They but became the more unſatisfy'd;
In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
As if they 'ad different principles of ſeeing.
Some boldly ſwore, upon a ſecond view,
That all they 'ad beheld before was true,

And damn'd themſelves they never would recant
One ſyllable they 'ad ſeen of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his ſhape and ſnout could be no Mouſe's,
But a true natural Elephant's proboſcis.
Others began to doubt as much and waver,
Uncertain which to diſallow or favour;
" Until they had as many croſs reſolves,
" As Iriſhmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"
And grew diſtracted, whether to eſpouſe
The party of the Elephant or Mouſe.
Some held there was no way ſo orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,
And, like ſome other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit
T' unmount the teleſcope, and open it,
And, for their own and all men's ſatisfaction,
To ſearch and re-examine the Tranſaction,
And afterward to explicate the reſt,
As they ſhould ſee occaſion, for the beſt.
To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole aſſembly freely gave conſent;
But, ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the firſt phænomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious ſwarms
Of buſy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all paſt muſter in the glaſs by chance,
For both the Peri- and the Subvolvans.
This being diſcover'd, once more put them all
Into a worſe and deſperater brawl;

Surpriz'd with ſhame, that men ſo grave and wiſe
Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,
And to miſtake the feeble inſects' ſwarms
For ſquadrons and reſerves of men in arms:
As politic as thoſe who when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river ſhone,
Threw caſting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.
But when, at laſt, they had unſcrew'd the glaſs,
To find out where the fly impoſtor was,
And ſaw 'twas but a Mouſe, that by miſhap
Had catch'd himſelf, and them, in th' optic trap,
Amaz'd, with ſhame confounded, and afflicted
To find themſelves ſo openly convicted,

Ver. 521, 522.] Butler, to compliment his Mouſe for affording him an opportunity of indulging his ſatirical turn, and diſplaying his wit, upon this occaſion, has, to the end of this Poem, ſubjoined the following epigrammatical note:

A Mouſe, whoſe martial valour has ſo long
Ago been try'd, and by old Homer ſung,
And purchas'd him more everlaſting glory
Than all his Grecian and his Trojan ſtory,
Though he appears unequal matcht, I grant,
In bulk and ſtature by the Elephant,
Yet frequently has been obſerv'd in battle
To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,
When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
And ſtorm'd the dreadful outwork of his ſnout,
The little vermin, like an errant-knight,
Has ſlain the huge gigantic beaſt in fight.

Immediately

Immediately made haſte to get them gone,
With none but this diſcovery alone:
That learned men, who greedily purſue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their niceſt ſpeculations, chuſe
To make their own diſcoveries ſtrange news,
And natural hiſtory rather a Gazette
Of rarities ſtupendous and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not ſtrongly vaſt and overgrown,
And ſtrive to explicate appearances,
Not as they 're probable, but as they pleaſe;
In vain endeavour Nature to ſuborn,
And, for their pains, are juſtly paid with ſcorn.

A SATIRE

ON THE

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A FRAGMENT*.

A Learned man, whom once a week
A hundred virtuosos seek,
And like an oracle apply to,
T' ask questions, and admire, and lye to;
Who entertain'd them all of course
(As men take wives for better or worse)
And past them all for men of parts,
Though some but sceptics in their hearts;

* Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongst his papers, fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain: the Fragment, however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding Poem: and, I am persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour will think this too curious a Fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published.

For,

For, when they 're caſt into a lump,
Their talents equally muſt jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and baſe
Do both at equal values paſs.
With theſe the ordinary debate
Was after news, and things of ſtate,
Which way the dreadful comet went,
In ſixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?
What wars and plagues in Chriſtendom
Have happen'd ſince, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princeſſes are poiſon'd ſince?
And who ſhall next of all by turn
Make courts wear black, and tradeſmen mourn?
What parties next of foot or horſe,
Will rout, or routed be, of courſe?
What German marches, and retreats,
Will furniſh the next month's Gazettes?
What peſtilent contagion next,
And what part of the world, infects?
What dreadful meteor, and where,
Shall in the heavens next appear?
And when again ſhall lay embargo
Upon the Admiral, the good ſhip Argo?
Why currents turn in ſeas of ice
Some thrice a day, and ſome but twice?

And why the tides, at night and noon,
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
What is the natural cauſe why fiſh
That always drink, do never piſs?
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever ſleep?
If graſs be green, or ſnow be white,
But only as they take the light?
Whether poſſeſſions of the devil,
Or mere temptations, do moſt evil?
What is 't that makes all fountains ſtill
Within the earth to run up hill,
But on the outſide down again,
As if th' attempt had been in vain?
Or what 's the ſtrange magnetic cauſe
The ſteel or loadſtone 's drawn, or draws?
The ſtar the needle, which the ſtone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-ſtar's influence
With both does hold intelligence?
(For red-hot ir'n, held tow'rds the pole,
Turns of itſelf to 't when 'tis cool:)
Or whether male and female ſcrews
In th' iron and ſtone th' effect produce?
What makes the body of the ſun,
That ſuch a rapid courſe does run,
To draw no tail behind through th' air,
As comets do, when they appear;
Which other planets cannot do,
Becauſe they do not burn, but glow?

Whether

Whether the Moon be ſea or land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand;
Or if the dark holes that appear,
Are only pores, not cities there?
Whether the atmoſphere turn round,
And keep a juſt pace with the ground,
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with guſts of wind?
Or whether creſcents in the wane
(For ſo an author has it plain)
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their ſnuffs upon the edge of day?
Whether the ſea increaſe, or waſte,
And, if it do, how long 'twill laſt?
Or, if the ſun approaches near
The earth, how ſoon it will be there?
  Theſe were their learned ſpeculations,
And all their conſtant occupations,
To meaſure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a ſquare;
To make a powder of the ſun,
By which all doctors ſhould b' undone;
To find the north-weſt paſſage out,
Although the fartheſt way about;
If chemiſts from a roſe's aſhes
Can raiſe the roſe itſelf in glaſſes?
Whether the line of incidence
Riſe from the object or the ſenſe?
To ſtew th' elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;

To

To explicate, by ſubtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an aſs
Find out the treble and the baſe;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapaſon lowe—
* * * * * * * *

REPARTEES

BETWEEN

CAT AND PUSS

AT A CATERWAULING.

In the modern Heroic way.

IT was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth ſtood in the other's light,
And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave weary'd Nature a reſtorative;
When Puſs, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt ſoundly of as ſoft and warm amours;
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And ſporting on delightful faggot-piles;
Of bolting out of buſhes in the dark,
As ladies uſe at midnight in the Park;
Or ſeeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For aſſignations in th' affairs of love.

Repartees.] This poem is a ſatirical banter upon thoſe heroic plays which were ſo much in vogue at the time our Author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their ſubject, are carried-on exactly in this ſtrain, as any one may perceive that will conſult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

At

At once his paſſion was both falſe and true,
And the more falſe, the more in earneſt grew.
He fancy'd that he heard thoſe amorous charms
That us'd to ſummon him to ſoft alarms,
To which he always brought an equal flame,
To fight a rival, or to court a dame;
And, as in dreams love's raptures are more taking
Than all their actual enjoyments waking,
His amorous paſſion grew to that extreme,
His dream itſelf awak'd him from his dream.
Thought he, What place is this! or whither art
Thou vaniſh'd from me, Miſtreſs of my heart?
But now I had her in this very place,
Here, faſt impriſon'd in my glad embrace,
And, while my joys beyond themſelves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt eſcap'd:
Stay, and I 'll follow thee—With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch on which he ſlept,
And, wing'd with paſſion, through his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow, he flew,
Nor ſtopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd
Where many an aſſignation he 'ad enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he ſought, a mutual flame,
That long had ſtay'd and call'd before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To loſe no further time, he fell aboard,
But grip'd ſo hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
While ſhe, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd.
C. Forbear, foul raviſher, this rude addreſs;
Canſt thou, at once, both injure and careſs?

P. Thou

P. Thou haſt bewitch'd me with thy powerful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
C. He that does love would ſet his heart a-tilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's ſhould be ſpilt.
P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within;
You wound my heart, and I but prick your ſkin;
And, while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cauſe.
C. How could my guiltleſs eyes your heart invade,
Had it not firſt been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis my greateſt crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being ſeen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That 's worſe than making cruelty a ſport.
P. Pain is the foil of pleaſure and delight,
That ſets it off to a more noble height.
C. He buys his pleaſure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
P. Pain is more dear than pleaſure when 'tis paſt.
C. But grows intolerable if it laſt.
P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but ſuffers as reward.
What Knight durſt ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half murther'd by his flame,
Or lady, that had never lain at ſtake,
To death, or force of rivals, for his ſake?
C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Diſdain 's the only medicine for diſdain.
P. At once I 'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in diſpleaſing you.

C. Pre-

C. Prepoſterous way of pleaſure and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move!
'Tis rather hate, that covets to deſtroy;
Love's buſineſs is to love, and to enjoy.
P. Enjoying and deſtroying are all one,
As flames deſtroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never lov'd at any generous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate,
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirſt more violent it pretends to ſlake,
So ſhould fruition do the lover's fire,
Inſtead of leſſening, inflame deſire.
P. What greater proof that paſſion does tranſport,
When what I would die for I 'm forc'd to hurt?
C. Death among lovers is a thing deſpis'd,
And far below a ſullen humour priz'd,
That is more ſcorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are croſs'd in love, or fall at odds:
But ſince you underſtand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.
P. Paſſion begins indifferent to prove,
When love conſiders any thing but love.
C. The darts of love, like lightning wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the ſkin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Though through the tendereſt part of all, the eye;
But your ſharp claws have left enough to ſhew
How tender I have been, how cruel you.
P. Pleaſure is pain; for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wiſh for was but to b' allay'd.

C. Force

C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
P. What you like beſt, you always diſapprove.
C. He that will wrong his love, will not be nice,
T' excuſe the wrong he does, to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
P. When you miſtake that for an injury
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.
C. You do not feel yourſelf the pain you give;
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve;
But 'tis your want of paſſion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.
P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty,
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
For, while you ſtifle and inflame deſire,
You burn, and ſtarve me in the ſelf-ſame fire.
C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourſelf, and then accuſe me for 't;
As thieves, that rob themſelves 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Make others pay for what themſelves have done.

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES*.

SIR,

YOU have oblig'd the Britiſh nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than braſs or marble to their fame have rear'd:
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how brave their anceſtors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no leſs virtuouſly improv'd your own:
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Deſcrib'd their cuſtoms and their rites anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled their dark oracles as well
As thoſe themſelves that made them could foretell:
For

* Moſt of the celebrated wits in Charles the Second's reign addreſſed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called *The Britiſh Princes*, and, among the reſt, Butler.

For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd their prophecy alone,
And in this poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raiſe the dead, and give new life to men;
Make rival princes meet in arms and love,
Whom diſtant ages did ſo far remove;
For as eternity has neither paſt
Nor future (authors ſay) nor firſt nor laſt,
But is all inſtant, your eternal Muſe
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why ſhould you, whoſe miracle of art
Can life at pleaſure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-buſied head
T' obſerve what time they liv'd in, or were dead?
For, ſince you have ſuch arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or ſtoop to things ſo pitifully lewd,
As uſe to take the vulgar latitude.
There 's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He muſt bring ſenſe that underſtands it here.

A PALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

IT is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muſe
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, ſues;
For, having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to aſk forgiveneſs, and ſubmit;
Is ſorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But ſuch is her belief in your juſt candor,
She hopes you will not ſo miſunderſtand her,
To wreſt her harmleſs meaning to the ſenſe
Of ſilly emulation or offence.
No; your ſufficient wit does ſtill declare
Itſelf too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and ſenſeleſs a preſumption own,
To yoke your vaſt parts in compariſon:
And yet you might have thought upon a way
T' inſtruct us how you 'd have us to obey,
And not command our praiſes, and then blame
All that 's too great or little for your fame:

For

For who could chuſe but err, without ſome trick
To take your elevation to a nick?
As he that was deſir'd, upon occaſion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Deſir'd his Lordſhip's favour, that he might
Take meaſure of his mouth to fit it right;
So, had you ſent a ſcantling of your wit,
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not juſt t' impoſe, and then cry down
All that 's unequal to your huge renown;
For he that writes below your vaſt deſert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.
Praiſe, like a robe of ſtate, ſhould not ſit cloſe
To th' perſon 'tis made for, but wide and looſe;
Derives its comelineſs from being unfit,
And ſuch have been our praiſes of your wit;
Which is ſo extraordinary, no height
Of fancy but your own can do it right;
Witneſs thoſe glorious poems you have writ,
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And thoſe ſtupendious diſcoveries
You 've lately made of wonders in the ſkies:
For who, but from yourſelf, did ever hear
The ſphere of atoms was the atmoſphere?
Who ever ſhut thoſe ſtragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about *vacuum?*
What ſhould confine thoſe undetermin'd crowds,
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A ſign and an aſcendant were all one?

Or how 'tis poſſible the moon ſhould ſhrowd
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud,
Since clouds below are ſo far diſtant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
Who ever did a language ſo enrich,
To ſcorn all little particles of ſpeech?
For though they make the ſenſe clear, yet they 're found
To be a ſcurvy hindrance to the ſound;
Therefore you wiſely ſcorn your ſtyle to humble,
Or for the ſenſe's ſake to wave the rumble.
Had Homer known this art, he 'ad ne'er been fain
To uſe ſo many particles in vain,
That to no purpoſe ſerve, but (as he haps
To want a ſyllable) to fill up gaps.
You juſtly coin new verbs, to pay for thoſe
Which in conſtruction you o'erſee and loſe;
And by this art do Priſcian no wrong
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
Theſe are your own diſcoveries, which none
But ſuch a Muſe as your's could hit upon,
That can, in ſpite of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the ſchools:
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honeſt men and true?
He that 's a prince in poetry ſhould ſtrive
To cry them down by his prerogative,
And not ſubmit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
Your poems will endure to be try'd
I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd;

Can

Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But thoſe you write are always ſold by weight;
Each word and ſyllable brought to the ſcale,
And valued to a ſcruple in the ſale:
For when the paper 's charg'd with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purpoſes and uſes fit,
Has an abſterſive virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obſcene.
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,
Without your verſe, can make a noble flight.
It keeps our ſpice and aromatics ſweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it:
For, burning but one leaf of your's, they ſay,
Drives all their ſtinks and naſtineſs away.
Cooks keep their pyes from burning with your wit,
Their pigs and geeſe from ſcorching on the ſpit;
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worſe,
When arſenick's only wrap'd up in the verſe.
Theſe are the great performances that raiſe
Your mighty parts above all reach of praiſe,
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourſelf, can ſet it forth,
Whoſe wondrous power 's ſo generally known,
Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

A PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS *.

SIR, you 've outliv'd so desperate a fit
As none could do but an immortal wit;
Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, though on a less sick brain;
But you were so far from receiving hurt,
You grew improv'd, and much the better for 't.
As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
And burn himself in his own country's spice,
A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young phœnix turn:
So

* It must surprize the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is, indeed, some room for satire; but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison.

So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire;
And with ſo much advantage, ſome have gueſt,
Your after-wit is like to be your beſt,
And now expect far greater matters of ye
Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd Sophy;
Such as your Tully lately dreſs'd in verſe,
Like thoſe he made himſelf, or not much worſe;
And Seneca's dry ſand unmix'd with lime,
Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme.
Nor were your morals leſs improv'd, all pride
And native inſolence quite laid aſide;
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
All, that you durſt with ſafety, to affront.
No China cupboard rudely overthrown,
Nor lady tipp'd, by being accoſted, down;
No poet jeer'd, for ſcribbling amiſs,
With verſes forty times more lewd than his:
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
And hold it out, where you had built a ſconce;
Nor furiouſly laid orange-wench aboard,
For aſking what in fruit and love you 'ad ſcor'd;
But all civility and complacence,
More than you ever us'd before or ſince.
Beſide, you never over-reach'd the King
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
Nor brought-in falſe accompt, with little tricks,
Of paſſing broken rubbiſh for whole bricks;
Falſe muſtering of workmen by the day,
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay

For thoſe that never liv'd; all which did come,
By thrifty management, to no ſmall ſum.
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worſe,
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purſe,
As you were wont, till all you built appear'd
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd:
For had the ſtones (like his) charm'd by your verſe,
Built up themſelves, they could not have done worſe:
And ſure, when firſt you ventur'd to ſurvey,
You did deſign to do 't no other way.

All this was done before thoſe days began
In which you were a wife and happy man:
For who e'er liv'd in ſuch a paradiſe,
Until freſh ſtraw and darkneſs op'd your eyes?
Who ever greater treaſure could command,
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raiſe ſums as vaſt
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waſte,
Or all thoſe practis'd upon public money?
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
For ever are you bound to curſe thoſe quacks
That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
For, though no art can ever make them ſound,
The tampering coſt you threeſcore thouſand pound.
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and loſt,
Yet been no more undone by being chouſt,
Nor forc'd upon the King's accompt to lay
All that, in ſerving him, you loſt at play!
For nothing but your brain was ever found
To ſuffer ſequeſtration, and compound.

Yet you 'ave an impoſition laid on brick,
For all you then laid out at Beaſt or Gleek;
And when you 'ave rais'd a ſum, ſtrait let it fly,
By underſtanding low, and venturing high;
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON

UPON

CRITICS,

WHO JUDGE OF

MODERN PLAYS

Precisely by the Rules of the Ancients *.

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,
When it is once found Idiot by a jury,
And every pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic licence over-rule;
Assume a barbarous tyranny, to handle
The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;
Make them submit to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?
Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a witless plagiary,
That forges old records and ordinances
Against the right and property of fancies,
More false and nice than weighing of the weather,
To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,

Or

* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II. who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's. The cold, severe critic may perhaps find some few inaccuracies to censure in this composition; but the reader of taste will either overlook or pardon them for the sake of the spirit that runs through it.

Or meaſuring of air upon Parnaſſus,
With cylinders of Torricellian glaſſes;
Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
Back to its antique theatre, a cart,
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of reverend choruſes and epiſodes;
Reform and regulate a puppet play,
According to the true and ancient way,
That not an actor ſhall preſume to ſqueak,
Unleſs he have a licence for 't in Greek;
Nor Whittington henceforward ſell his cat in
Plain vulgar Engliſh, without mewing Latin:
No Pudding ſhall be ſuffer'd to be witty,
Unleſs it be in order to raiſe pity;
Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
To roar and ſpit fire, but to fright the crowd,
Unleſs ſome god or dæmon chance t' have piques
Againſt an ancient family of Greeks;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How ſuch a fatal progeny they 're born in;
For none but ſuch for tragedy are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;
And only thoſe held proper to deter,
Who 've had th' ill luck againſt their wills to err.
Whence only ſuch as are of middling ſizes,
Between morality and venial vices,
Are qualify'd to be deſtroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.
As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,

And

And ſerv'd, like cobwebs, but t' enſnare the weak,
And give diverſion to the great to break;
To make a leſs delinquent to be brought
To anſwer for a greater perſon's fault,
And ſuffer all the worſt the worſt approver
Can, to excuſe and ſave himſelf, diſcover.
No longer ſhall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To puniſh in effigie criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the falſe;
But a club-law to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomſoe'er they pleaſe, at will,
To terrify ſpectators from committing
The crimes they did, and ſuffer'd for, unwitting.
Theſe are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age,
On purpoſe to deſtroy all wit and ſenſe,
As th' other did all law and conſcience;
No better than the laws of Britiſh plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days;
Who made a general council regulate
Men's catching women by the—you know what,
And ſet down in the rubric at what time
It ſhould be counted legal, when a crime;
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a ſin,
And on what days it went out or came in.
An Engliſh poet ſhould be try'd b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philoſophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury;

Beſides

Beſides the moſt intolerable wrong
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or Tales falſer than Euripides;
When not an Engliſh native dares appear
To be a witneſs for the priſoner;
When all the laws they uſe t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic ſcruples,
And, by th' advice of virtuoſi Tuſcans,
Determin'd all the doubts of ſocks and buſkins;
Gave judgment on all paſt and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's caſe,
Which Lope Vega firſt began to ſteal,
And after him the French filou Corneille;
And ſince our Engliſh plagiaries nim
And ſteal their far-fet criticiſms from him,
And, by an action falſely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover,
Enough to furniſh all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's;
Who, for a few miſpriſions of wit,
Are charg'd by thoſe who ten times worſe commit;
And, for misjudging ſome unhappy ſcenes,
Are cenſur'd for 't with more unlucky ſenſe;
When all their worſt miſcarriages delight,
And pleaſe more than the beſt that pedants write.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE

DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY *.

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earnest of so great a sum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate,
That all succeeding times must celebrate;
We, that subsist by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to present you, our own way,
With all we have (beside our hearts), a play.
But, as devoutest men can pay no more
To deities than what they gave before,

* It is pretty remarkable that, amongst such a variety of performances of our Poet's, this, and the Epilogue that follows, should be the only ones in the complimenting strain; and I dare say every reader will observe, with a smile, how soon, even in this, he deserts the region of panegyric, to resume his natural turn of satirical drollery upon the critics.

We

We bring you only what your great commands
Did reſcue for us from ingroſſing hands,
That would have taken out adminiſtration
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;
Or, like to lords of manors, ſeiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and ſtrays,
And claim'd a forfeiture of all paſt wit,
But that your juſtice put a ſtop to it.
'Twas well for us, who elſe muſt have been glad
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;
For, ſtill the wickeder ſome authors write,
Others to write worſe are encourag'd by 't;
And though thoſe fierce inquiſitors of wit,
The critics, ſpare no fleſh that ever writ,
But, juſt as tooth-drawers, find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out;
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't.
Small poetry, like other hereſies,
By being perſecuted multiplies;
But here they 're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long ſince,
And not within their power; for bears are ſaid
To ſpare thoſe that lie ſtill and ſeem but dead.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

TO THE DUTCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
No less than to your royal Lord, to you;
And, while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have, what 's greater than them all, his heart;
That heart that, when it was his country's guard,
The fury of two elements outdar'd,
And made a stubborn haughty enemy
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no less victorious than his arms;
For which you oft' have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come Heaven grant you may!
But, as great princes use, in solemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
If we have sinn'd without an ill intent,
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly ask your pardon for 't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD*.

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;

* As our Poet has thought fit to beſtow ſo many verſes upon this trumpeter of ſedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankleſs office to give the reader ſome further information about him than what merely relates to his *beard*.—He was educated at Oxford, firſt in Brazen-noſe College, and afterwards in Magdalen Hall; where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the firſt tincture of ſedition and diſguſt to our eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but ſoon left England to go and reſide in Holland, where he was not very likely to leſſen thoſe prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Preſbyterian, and a zealous ſtickler for the Parliament; and was thought conſiderable enough, in his way, to be ſent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and ſpirit-up the cauſe of the Covenant; in defence of which he wrote ſeveral pamphlets. However, as his zeal aroſe from ſelf-intereſt and ambition, when the Independents began to have the aſcendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a ſtrenuous preacher on that ſide; and in this ſituation he was when he fell under the laſh of Butler's ſatire.

The fringe and taſſel of a countenance,
That hides his perſon from another man's,
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a natural maſk upon his face,
That ſhifts its likeneſs every day he wears,
To fit ſome other perſons' characters,
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in ſome diſguiſe.
This ſatisfy'd a reverend man, that clear'd
His diſagreeing conſcience by his Beard.
He 'ad been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horſe and zealots,
From whom he held the moſt pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and ſalaries;
Was held the chiefeſt of thoſe ſpiritual trumpets,
That ſounded charges to their fierceſt combats;
But in the deſperateſt of defeats
Had never blown as opportune retreats,
Until the Synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To ſit among them, as he had been choſen,
And paſs or null things at his own diſpoſing:
Could clap up ſouls in limbo with a vote,
And for their fees diſcharge and let them out;
Which made ſome grandees bribe him with the place
Of holding-forth upon Thankſgivingdays;

Whither

Whither the Members, two and two abreaſt,
March'd to take in the ſpoils of all—the feaſt;
But by the way repeated the oh-hones
Of his wild Iriſh and chromatic tones;
His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
He practis'd only t' animate the Cauſe,
With which the Siſters were ſo prepoſſeſt,
They could remember nothing of the reſt.
He thought upon it, and reſolv'd to put
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further ſervice of the women,
T' abate the rigidneſs of his opinion;
And, but a day before, had been to find
The ableſt virtuoſo of the kind,
With whom he long and ſeriouſly conferr'd
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;
By whoſe advice he ſate for a deſign
In little drawn, exactly to a line,
That if the creature chance to have occaſion
To undergo a thorough reformation,
It might be borne conveniently about,
And by the meaneſt artiſt copy'd out.
This done, he ſent a journeyman ſectary
He 'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
To find out one that had the greateſt practice,
To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,
And ſet their moſt confus'd diſorders right,
Not by a new deſign, but newer light;
Who us'd to ſhave the grandees of their ſticklers,
And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;

To whom he ſhew'd his new-invented draught,
And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.
Quoth he, 'Tis but a falſe and counterfeit,
And ſcandalous device of human wit,
That 's abſolutely forbidden in the Scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.
Quoth th' other ſaint, You muſt leave that to us,
T' agree what 's lawful, or what ſcandalous;
For, till it is determin'd by our vote,
'Tis either lawful, ſcandalous, or not;
Which, ſince we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indifferent to avoid or own.
Quoth he, My conſcience never ſhall agree
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
For though I uſe it in a lawful time,
What if it after ſhould be made a crime?
'Tis true we fought for liberty of conſcience,
'Gainſt human conſtitutions, in our own ſenſe,
Which I 'm reſolv'd perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful whatſoe'er we do;
Then do your office with your greateſt ſkill,
And let th' event befal us how it will.
This ſaid, the nice barbarian took his tools,
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;
Talk'd on as pertinently as he ſnipt,
A hundred times for every hair he clipt;
Until the Beard at length began t' appear,
And reaſſume its antique character,
Grew more and more itſelf, that art might ſtrive,
And ſtand in competition with the life;

For

For ſome have doubted if 'twere made of ſnips
Of ſables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,
And ſet in ſuch an artificial frame,
As if it had been wrought in filograin,
More ſubtly fil'd and poliſh'd than the gin
That Vulcan caught himſelf a cuckold in;
That Lacheſis, that ſpins the threads of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.
But being deſign'd and drawn ſo regular,
T' a ſcrupulous punctilio of a hair,
Who could imagine that it ſhould be portal
To ſelfiſh, inward-unconforming mortal?
And yet it was, and did abominate
The leaſt compliance in the Church or State,
And from itſelf did equally diſſent,
As from religion and the government *.

* I find among Butler's manuſcripts ſeveral other little ſketches upon the ſame ſubject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought paſſable, by way of note.

This reverend brother, like a goat,
Did wear a tail upon his throat,
The fringe and taſſel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace,
But ſet in ſuch a curious frame,
As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
And cut ſo even, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
No topiary hedge of quickſet
Was e'er ſo neatly cut or thick ſet

That made beholders more admire,
Than China-plate that 's made of wire;
But being wrought ſo regular
In every part, and every hair,
Who would believe it ſhould be portal
To unconforming-inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did diſſent
No leſs from its own government,
Than from the Church's, and deteſt
That which it held forth and profeſt;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profeſs'd one thing and did another;
As all things, where they 're moſt profeſt,
Are found to be regarded leaſt.

SATIRE

UPON THE

WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN*.

WHO would believe that wicked earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiven,
Should be a nurſery for Heaven;
When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more deſperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were

* In this compoſition the reader will have the pleaſure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Every thing, almoſt, that he has wrote, is indeed ſatirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be ſaid rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind, than to have railed at them. In this he is ſerious and ſevere, exchanges the *ridiculum* for the *acri*, and writes with the ſpirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Perſius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter; but the ſame good-nature will excuſe the Poet, when it is conſidered what an edge muſt be given to his ſatirical wit by the age in which he lived, diſtinguiſhed by the two extremes of hypocriſy and enthuſiaſm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

Too

Too much for the eternal Powers,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only ſlight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adulterate coin?
We only in their mercy truſt,
To be more wicked and unjuſt;
All our devotions, vows, and prayers,
Are our own intereſt, not theirs;
Our offerings, when we come t' adore,
But begging preſents to get more;
The pureſt buſineſs of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worſt deeds, that are leſs warm;
For the moſt wretched and perverſe
Does not believe himſelf he errs.
Our holieſt actions have been
Th' effects of wickedneſs and ſin;
Religious houſes made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders;
Steeples that totter'd in the air,
By letchers ſinn'd into repair;
As if we had retain'd no ſign
Nor character of the divine
And heavenly part of human nature,
But only the coarſe earthy matter.
Our univerſal inclination
Tends to the worſt of our creation;
As if the ſtars conſpir'd t' imprint,
In our whole ſpecies, by inſtinct,

A fatal

A fatal brand and ſignature
Of nothing elſe but the impure.
The beſt of all our actions tend
To the prepoſterouſeſt end,
And, like to mongrels, we 're inclin'd
To take moſt to th' ignobler kind;
Or monſters, that have always leaſt
Of th' human parent, not the beaſt.
Hence 'tis we 've no regard at all
Of our beſt half original;
But, when they differ, ſtill aſſert
The intereſt of th' ignobler part;
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain capriches of the one,
But grudge to ſpare one hour to know
What to the better part we owe.
As, in all compound ſubſtances,
The greater ſtill devours the leſs;
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy groſs relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worſe,
To their brave nobler anceſtors.
Yet, as no barbarouſneſs beſide
Is half ſo barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder inſolence
Than that which has the leaſt pretence,

We

We are ſo wretched to profeſs
A glory in our wretchedneſs;
To vapour ſillily, and rant
Of our own miſery and want,
And grow vain-glorious on a ſcore
We ought much rather to deplore;
Who, the firſt moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our great'ſt grace is not to know
When we ſhall pay them back, nor how;
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
  Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleaſures but fantaſtical;
Diſeaſes of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our nobleſt piles, and ſtateſieſt rooms,
Are but outhouſes to our tombs;
Cities, though e'er ſo great and brave,
But mere warehouſes to the grave.
Our bravery 's but a vain diſguiſe,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedneſs is deckt;
Yet makes us ſwell with pride, and boaſt,
As if we 'd gain'd by being loſt.
  All this is nothing to the evils
Which men, and their confederate devils,
Inflict, to aggravate the curſe
On their own hated kind much worſe;

As

As if by Nature they 'd been ſerv'd
More gently than their fate deſerv'd,
Take pains (in juſtice) to invent,
And ſtudy their own puniſhment;
That, as their crimes ſhould greater grow,
So might their own inflictions too.
Hence bloody wars at firſt began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention riſe,
To ſcourge his own iniquities;
That, if the heavens ſhould chance to ſpare
Supplies of conſtant poiſon'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering deſtruction ſtay;
Nor ſeek recruits of death ſo far,
But plague themſelves with blood and war.
And if theſe fail, there is no good
Kind Nature e'er on man beſtow'd,
But he can eaſily divert
To his own miſery and hurt;
Make that which Heaven meant to bleſs
Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace,
With luxury and exceſs, as faſt
As war and deſolation, waſte;
Promote mortality, and kill,
As faſt as arms, by ſitting ſtill;
Like earthquakes, ſlay without a blow,
And, only moving, overthrow;
Make law and equity as dear
As plunder and free-quarter were,

And

And fierce encounters at the bar
Undo as faſt as thoſe in war;
Enrich bawds, whores, and uſurers,
Pimps, ſcriveners, ſilenc'd miniſters,
That get eſtates by being undone
For tender conſcience, and have none.
Like thoſe that with their credit drive
A trade, without a ſtock, and thrive;
Advance men in the church and ſtate
For being of the meaneſt rate,
Rais'd for their double-guil'd deſerts,
Before integrity and parts;
Produce more grievious complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear;
Make jeſts of greater dangers far,
Than thoſe they trembled at in war;
Till, unawares, they 've laid a train
To blow the public up again;
Rally with horror, and, in ſport,
Rebellion and deſtruction court,
And make Fanatics in deſpight
Of all their madneſs, reaſon right,
And vouch to all they have foreſhown,
As other monſters oft have done,
Although from truth and ſenſe as far,
As all their other maggots are:
For things ſaid falſe, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.

That

That wealth that bounteous Fortune ſends
As preſents to her deareſt friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchaſe
Of two yards long in pariſh-churches,
And thoſe too-happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:
For what does vaſt wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, diſeaſe, and debt;
Pain, pleaſure, diſcontent, and ſport,
An eaſy-troubled life, and ſhort?
But all theſe plagues are nothing near
Thoſe, far more cruel and ſevere

Ver. 168.] Though this ſatire ſeems fairly tranſcribed for the preſs, yet, on a vacancy in the ſheet oppoſite to this line, I find the following verſes, which probably were intended to be added; but as they are not regularly inſerted, I chuſe rather to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd ſo deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals, that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic power to ſway
The greedy ſouls of men that way,
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill thoſe trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For ſharing that which they took out:
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's deſtruction or his uſe;
A ſtandard both to buy and ſell
All things from heaven down to hell.

Unhappy

Unhappy man takes pains to find,
T' inflict himſelf upon his mind:
And out of his own bowels ſpins
A rack and torture for his ſins;
Torments himſelf in vain, to know
That moſt which he can never do;
And, the more ſtrictly 'tis deny'd,
The more he is unſatisfy'd;
Is buſy in finding ſcruples out,
To languiſh in eternal doubt;
Sees ſpectres in the dark, and ghoſts,
And ſtarts, as horſes do at poſts,
And, when his eyes aſſiſt him leaſt,
Diſcerns ſuch ſubtle objects beſt.
On hypothetic dreams and viſions
Grounds everlaſting diſquiſitions,
And raiſes endleſs controverſies
On vulgar theorems and hearſays;
Grows poſitive and confident,
In things ſo far beyond th' extent
Of human ſenſe, he does not know
Whether they be at all or no,
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear;
Diſdains all uſeful ſenſe, and plain,
T' apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That which is never to be known;
To poſe himſelf with ſubtelties,
And hold no other knowledge wiſe;

Although, the ſubtler all things are,
They 're but to nothing the more near;
And, the leſs weight they can ſuſtain,
The more he ſtill lays on in vain,
And hangs his ſoul upon as nice
And ſubtle curioſities,
As one of that vaſt multitude
That on a needle's point have ſtood;
Weighs right and wrong, and true and falſe,
Upon as nice and ſubtle ſcales,
As thoſe that turn upon a plane
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,
And ſtill the ſubtler they move,
The ſooner falſe and uſeleſs prove.
So man, that thinks to force and ſtrain,
Beyond its natural ſphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, ſets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is loſt in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
For, as abortions coſt more pain
Than vigorous births, ſo all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purpoſes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worſe,
Than thoſe of ſtrong and lively force.

SATIRE

UPON THE

LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'TIS a ſtrange age we 've liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the ſun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Juſtice urg'd,
Like a fantaſtic letcher, to be ſcourg'd;
Nor has it ſcap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagued, to be the leſs concern'd.
Twice have we ſeen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the ſtubborn'ſt-hearted age;
The one to mow vaſt crowds of people down,
The other (as then needleſs) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles reſtore
What both had ruin'd and deſtroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they 'ad been
But paſtimes for diverſion to be ſeen,

As the preceding ſatire was upon mankind in general, with ſome alluſion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humorouſly contraſted with the Puritanical ones which went before; and is a freſh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falſely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

Or,

Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curſe,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worſe.
Twice have men turn'd the World (that ſilly block-head)
The wrong ſide outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out hypocriſy as faſt and looſe
As e'er the devil could teach, or ſinners uſe,
And on the other ſide at once put in
As impotent iniquity and ſin.
As ſculls that have been crack'd are often found
Upon the wrong ſide to receive the wound;
And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
To break at th' other ſtill that 's oppoſite:
So men, who one extravagance would ſhun,
Into the contrary extreme have run;
And all the difference is, that, as the firſt
Provokes the other freak to prove the worſt,
So, in return, that ſtrives to render leſs
The laſt deluſion, with its own exceſs,
And, like two unſkill'd gameſters, uſe one way,
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For thoſe who heretofore ſought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their ſouls,
Wore vizards of hypocriſy to ſteal
And ſlink away in maſquerade to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open ſun,
For all mankind to gaze their worſt upon,
As eagles try their young againſt his rays,
To prove if they 're of generous breed or baſe;

Call heaven and earth to witneſs how they 've aim'd,
With all their utmoſt vigour, to be damn'd,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, ſtriv'd to damn others too;
On all occaſions ſought to be as civil
As poſſible they could t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unneceſſary trouble,
Nor in ſmall matters uſe a friend ſo noble,
But with their conſtant practice done their beſt
T' improve and propagate his intereſt:
For men have now made vice ſo great an art,
The matter of fact 's become the ſlighteſt part;
And the debauched'ſt actions they can do,
Mere trifles to the circumſtance and ſhow.
For 'tis not what they do that 's now the ſin,
But what they lewdly' affect and glory in.
As if prepoſterouſly they would profeſs
A forc'd hypocriſy of wickedneſs,
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Muſt make affected ſhame accurs'd and mad;
For vices for themſelves may find excuſe,
But never for their compliment and ſhews;
That if there ever were a myſtery
Of moral ſecular iniquity,
And that the churches may not loſe their due
By being incroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
For men are now as ſcrupulous and nice,
And tender-conſcienc'd of low paltry vice;
Diſdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any miſchief but the brave;

As

As the moſt ſcrupulous zealot of late times
T' appear in any but the horrid'ſt crimes;
Have as preciſe and ſtrict punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no ſhows,
And ſteer the world, by diſagreeing force
Of different cuſtoms, 'gainſt her natural courſe:
So powerful 's ill example to encroach,
And Nature, ſpite of all her laws, debauch,
Example, that imperious dictator,
Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be ſav'd and ſtudies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wiſdom fooliſhneſs, and folly wiſe,
Impoſes on divinity, and ſets
Her ſeal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,
And paſſes one for th' other in diſguiſe;
Makes all things, as it pleaſes, underſtood,
The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;
That ſlyly counter-changes wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white;
As if the laws of Nature had been made
Of purpoſe only to be diſobey'd;
Or man had loſt his mighty intereſt,
By having been diſtinguiſh'd from a beaſt;
And had no other way but ſin and vice,
To be reſtor'd again to Paradiſe.

How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaſpheming wit, and a jargon!

And yet how expreſſive and ſignificant,
In *damme* at once to curſe, and ſwear, and rant!
As if no way expreſs'd men's ſouls ſo well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any aſſeveration were ſo civil,
As mortgaging ſalvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blaſphemy a purity to our phraſe.
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay ſouls for viciating ſpeech;
When the great'ſt tyrant in the world made thoſe
But lick their words out that abus'd his proſe?
What trivial puniſhments did then protect
To public cenſure a profound reſpect,
When the moſt ſhameful penance, and ſevere,
That could b' inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauchery, was no worſe
Than but to be degraded from his horſe,
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Inſtead of cutting ſpurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then ſo great as ſhame,
And that to ſlay was leſs than to defame;
For juſt ſo much regard as men expreſs
To th' cenſure of the public, more or leſs,
The fame will be return'd to them again,
In ſhame or reputation, to a grain;
And, how perverſe ſoe'er the world appears,
'Tis juſt to all the bad it ſees and hears;
And for that virtue ſtrives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.

How

How ſilly were their ſages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a ſyren whore!
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could ſink their men of war as eaſy' as ſtorms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them ſing,
Into land porpuſſes, and cod and ling;
To terrify thoſe mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloody-bones;
Until the ſubtleſt of their conjurers
Seal'd up the labels to his ſoul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd ſailors (while he paſs'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the maſt,
And rather venture drowning than to wrong
The ſea-pugs' chaſte ears with a bawdy ſong:
To b' out of countenance, and, like an aſs,
Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glaſs;
Unmannerly refuſe her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a ſwine,
When one of our heroic adventurers now
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a ſow!

So ſimple were thoſe times, when a grave ſage
Could with an old-wife's tale inſtruct the age,
Teach virtue more fantaſtic ways and nice,
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice;
Made a dull ſentence, and a moral fable,
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,
A forc'd obſcure mythology convince,
Beyond our worſt inflictions upon ſins;
When an old proverb, or an end of verſe,
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,

And keep men honeſter than all our furies
Of jailors, judges, conſtables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old ſaying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What fops had theſe been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the beſt reaſon 's made ridiculous,
And all the plain and ſober things we ſay,
By raillery are put beſide their play?
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And what they 're ignorant of diſdain to know;
Engroſs truth (like Fanatics) underhand,
And boldly judge before they underſtand;
The ſelf-ſame courſes equally advance,
In ſpiritual and carnal ignorance,
And, by the ſame degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable againſt all ſenſe;
For, as they outgrew ordinances then,
So would they now morality again.
Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both deſcended from one parent, Sin,
And therefore ſeldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
Yet they have north-weſt paſſages to ſteer,
A ſhort way to it, without pains or care:
For, as implicit faith is far more ſtiff
Than that which underſtands its own belief,
So thoſe that think, and do but think they know,
Are far more obſtinate than thoſe that do,
And more averſe than if they 'ad ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;

Take

Take boldneſs upon credit beforehand,
And grow too poſitive to underſtand;
Believe themſelves as knowing and as famous,
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,
A bill of ſtore to take up a degree,
With all the learning to it, cuſtom-free,
And look as big for what they bought at Court,
As if they 'ad done their exerciſes for 't.

SATIRE

UPON GAMING.

WHAT fool would trouble fortune more,
When ſhe has been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take back again
What ſhe had thrown away in vain,
By idly venturing her good graces
To be diſpos'd of by ames-aces;
Or ſettling it in truſt to uſes
Out of his power, on trays and deuces;
To put it to the chance, and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and dye,
Whether his money be his own,
And loſe it, if he be o'erthrown;
As if he were betray'd, and ſet
By his own ſtars to every cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw dice for his own eſtate;

As

As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum?
For what leſs influence can produce
So great a monſter as a chouſe,
Or any two-legg'd thing poſſeſs
With ſuch a bruitiſh ſottiſhneſs?
Unleſs thoſe tutelary ſtars,
Intruſted by aſtrologers
To have the charge of man, combin'd
To uſe him in the ſelf-ſame kind;
As thoſe that help'd them to the truſt,
Are wont to deal with others juſt.
For to become ſo ſadly dull
And ſtupid, as to fine for gull
(Not as, in cities, to b' excus'd,
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd),
That whoſoe'er can draw it in
Is ſure inevitably t' win,
And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
To grow more dully deſperate,
The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated foppiſhly at play,
Is their condition; Fate betrays
To folly firſt, and then deſtroys.
For what but miracles can ſerve
So great a madneſs to preſerve,
As his, that ventures goods and chattels
(Where there's no quarter given) in battles,
And fights with money-bags as bold,
As men with ſand-bags did of old;

Pur-

Puts lands, and tenements, and ſtocks,
Into a paltry juggler's box;
And, like an alderman of Gotham,
Embarketh in ſo vile a bottom;
Engages blind and ſenſeleſs hap
'Gainſt high, and low, and flur, and knap
(As Tartars with a man of ſtraw
Encounter lions hand to paw);
With thoſe that never venture more
Than they had ſafely' inſur'd before;
Who, when they knock the box, and ſhake,
Do, like the Indian rattle-ſnake,
But ſtrive to ruin and deſtroy
Thoſe that miſtake it for fair play;
That have their fulhams at command,
Brought up to do their feats at hand;
That underſtand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themſelves i' th' box;
Can tell the oddſes of all games,
And when to anſwer to their names;
And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like imps, are ready every where;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of deſign) upon the ſquare,
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in;
While thoſe with which he idly plays
Have no regard to what he ſays,
Although he jernie and blaſpheme,
When they miſcarry, heaven and them,

And

And damn his ſoul, and ſwear, and curſe,
And crucify his Saviour worſe
Than thoſe Jew-troopers that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly underſtood and fear'd,
And would take heed another time,
How to commit ſo bold a crime;
When the poor bones are innocent
Of all he did, or ſaid, or meant,
And have as little ſenſe, almoſt,
As he that damns them when he 'as loſt;
As if he had rely'd upon
Their judgment rather than his own;
And that it were their fault, not his,
That manag'd them himſelf amiſs,
And gave them ill inſtructions how
To run, as he would have them do,
And then condemns them ſillily
For having no more wit than he?

SATIRE,

TO

A BAD POET.

GREAT famous wit! whoſe rich and eaſy vein,
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treaſure at command,
And how good verſe is coin'd do'ſt underſtand;
In all Wit's combats maſter of defence!
Tell me, how doſt thou paſs on rhyme and ſenſe?
'Tis ſaid they' apply to thee, and in thy verſe
Do freely range themſelves as volunteers,
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themſelves fitly of their own accord.
I, whom a loud caprich (for ſome great crime
I have committed) has condemned to rhyme,
With ſlaviſh obſtinacy vex my brain
To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain.
Sometimes I ſet my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would ſay white, the verſe ſays black;
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names ſome ſlave that pimps to his own wife,
Or baſe poltroon, that would have ſold his daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her;

When

When I would praiſe an author, the untoward
Damn'd ſenſe, ſays Virgil, but the rhyme ——;
In fine, whate'er I ſtrive to bring about,
The contrary (ſpite of my heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains miſpent,
I give it over, tir'd, and diſcontent,
And, damning the dull fiend a thouſand times,
By whom I was poſſeſs'd, forſwear all rhymes;
But, having curs'd the Muſes, they appear,
To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware.
Spite of myſelf, I ſtrait take fire again,
Fall to my taſk with paper, ink, and pen,
And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verſe to verſe expect their aid again.
But, if my Muſe or I were ſo diſcreet
T' endure, for rhyme's ſake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, eaſily command
Words without ſtudy, ready and at hand.
In praiſing Chloris, moons, and ſtars, and ſkies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes—
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair;
And, mixing ſuns, and flowers, and pearl, and ſtones,
Make them ſerve all complexions at once.
With theſe fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verſes without art or wit,

Ver. 22.] *Damn'd ſenſe, ſays Virgil, but the rhyme* ——. This blank, and another at the cloſe of the Poem, the Author evidently choſe ſhould be ſupplied by the reader. It is not my buſineſs, therefore, to deprive him of that ſatisfaction.

And,

And, ſhifting forty times the verb and noun,
With ſtol'n impertinence patch up mine own:
But in the choice of words my ſcrupulous wit
Is fearful to paſs one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one inſipid phraſe;
And, therefore, when I ſcribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who firſt found out that curſe,
T' impriſon and confine his thoughts in verſe;
To hang ſo dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reaſon to his rhyme ſubmit!
Without this plague, I freely might have ſpent
My happy days with leiſure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat prieſt, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had paſt my time as pleaſantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My ſoul, that 's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition ſtoop,
T' avoid uneaſy greatneſs and reſort,
Or for preferment following the Court.
How happy had I been if, for a curſe,
The Fates had never ſentenc'd me to verſe!
But, ever ſince this peremptory vein,
With reſtleſs frenzy, firſt poſſeſs'd my brain,
And that the devil tempted me, in ſpite
Of my own happineſs, to judge and write,
Shut up againſt my will, I waſte my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,

And

And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For, though thy works are written in despite
Of all good sense, impertinent and slight,
They never have been known to stand in need
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;
For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
No matter whither all the rest does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
A fop that scribbles does it with delight,
Takes no pains to consider what to write,
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly strive
To such a height of glory to arrive;
But, still with all they do unsatisfy'd,
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside:
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ.
Thou, then, that seest how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach —— how ne'er to write again.

SATIRE

ON OUR

RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

WHO would not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intolleraleſt zone,
Or ſteer his paſſage through thoſe ſeas
That burn in flames, or thoſe that freeze,
Than ſee one nation go to ſchool,
And learn of another, like a fool?
To ſtudy all its tricks and faſhions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dreſs,
But what they in their wiſdom pleaſe;
As monkies are, by being taught
To put on gloves and ſtockings, caught;
Submit to all that they deviſe,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready' and dreſs th' imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the faſhion;
And change it, to fulfil the curſe
Of Adam's fall, for new, though worſe;

Ver. 1.] The object of this ſatire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles the Second's reign, partly owing to the connexion and intercourſe which the politics of thoſe times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager deſire of avoiding the formal and preciſe gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded.

To make their breeches fall and riſe
From middle legs to middle thighs,
The tropics between which the hoſe
Move always as the faſhion goes:
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And ſometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims, ſometimes, like umbrellas,
And ſometimes narrow' as Punchinello's:
In coldeſt weather go unbrac'd,
And cloſe in hot, as if th' were lac'd;
Sometimes with ſleeves and bodies wide,
And ſometimes ſtraiter than a hide:
Wear peruques, and with falſe grey hairs
Diſguiſe the true ones and their years;
That, when they 're modiſh, with the young
The old may ſeem ſo in the throng:
And, as ſome pupils have been known
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found to 'ave got
More tricks than ever they were taught:
With ſly intrigues and artifices
Uſurp their poxes and their vices;
With garnitures upon their ſhoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes;
By ſudden ſtarts, and ſhrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To ſcabs and botches, and lay trains
To prove their running of the reins;
And, leſt they ſhould ſeem deſtitute
Of any mange that 's in repute,

And

And be behind hand with the mode,
Will ſwear to cryſtallin and node;
And, that they may not loſe their right,
Make it appear how they came by 't:
Diſdain the country where they' were born,
As baſtards their own mothers ſcorn,
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deſerves, for bearing them;
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, though e'er ſo good:
Be natives whereſoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home;
To which they appear ſo far eſtrang'd,
As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
Or from beyond the ſeas convey'd
By witches—not born here, but laid;
Or by outlandiſh fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here,
And therefore juſtly ſlight that nation
Where they 've ſo mongrel a relation;
And ſeek out other climates, where
They may degenerate leſs than here;
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
Forſake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
And ſeek out others to be catch'd:
So they more naturally may pleaſe
And humour their own geniuſes,
Apply to all things which they ſee
With their own fancies beſt agree;

No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in uſe;
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode;
And, as the nations are that uſe it,
All ought to practiſe or refuſe it;
T' obſerve their poſtures, move, and ſtand,
As they give out the word o' command;
To learn the dulleſt of their whims,
And how to wear their very limbs;
To turn and manage every part,
Like puppets, by their rules of art;
To ſhrug diſcreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly ſhake the head,
Until the ignorant (that gueſs
At all things by th' appearances)
To ſee how Art and Nature ſtrive,
Believe them really alive,
And that they 're very men, not things
That move by puppet-work and ſprings;
When truly all their feats have been
As well perform'd by motion-men,
And the worſt drolls of Punchinellos
Were much th' ingenioufer fellows;
For, when they 're perfect in their leſſon,
Th' hypotheſis grows out of ſeaſon,
And, all their labour loſt, they 're fain
To learn new, and begin again;
To talk eternally and loud,
And all together in a crowd,

No

No matter what; for in the noiſe
No man minds what another ſays:
T' aſſume a confidence beyond
Mankind, for ſolid and profound,
And ſtill, the leſs and leſs they know,
The greater doſe of that allow:
Decry all things; for to be wiſe
Is not to know, but to deſpiſe;
And deep judicious confidence
Has ſtill the odds of wit and ſenſe,
And can pretend a title to
Far greater things than they can do:
T' adorn their Engliſh with French ſcraps,
And give their very language claps;
To jernie rightly, and renounce
I' th' pure and moſt approv'd-of tones,
And, while they idly think t' enrich,
Adulterate their native ſpeech:
For, though to ſmatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the rhetorique
Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
To ſmatter French is meritorious;
And to forget their mother-tongue,
Or purpoſely to ſpeak it wrong,
A hopeful ſign of parts and wit,
And that they' improve and benefit;
As thoſe that have been taught amiſs
In liberal arts and ſciences,
Muſt all they 'ad learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE

UPON

DRUNKENNESS.

'TIS pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindneſs to preſent,
And gave him kindly, to careſs
And cheriſh his frail happineſs;
Of equal virtue to renew
His weary'd mind and body too;
Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)
No ſooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner 's fatally deſtroy'd;
And that which ſhe for good deſign'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain exceſs
Runs out of all its happineſs,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greateſt adverſary prove;
T' abuſe a bleſſing ſhe beſtow'd
So truly' eſſential to his good,
To countervail his penſive cares,
And ſlaviſh drudgery of affairs;
To teach him judgment, wit, and ſenſe,
And, more than all theſe, confidence;
To paſs his times of recreation
In choice and noble converſation,

Catch

Catch truth and reaſon unawares,
As men do health in wholeſome airs
(While fools their converſants poſſeſs
As unawares with ſottiſhneſs);
To gain acceſs a private way
To man's beſt ſenſe, by its own key,
Which painful judgers ſtrive in vain
By any other courſe t' obtain;
To pull off all diſguiſe, and view
Things as they 're natural and true;
Diſcover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wiſe and honeſt in the crowd;
With innocent and virtuous ſport
Make ſhort days long, and long nights ſhort,
And mirth, the only antidote
Againſt diſeaſes ere they 're got;
To ſave health harmleſs from th' acceſs
Both of the medicine and diſeaſe;
Or make it help itſelf, ſecure
Againſt the deſperat'ſt fit, the cure.
  All theſe ſublime prerogatives
Of happineſs to human lives,
He vainly throws away and ſlights,
For madneſs, noiſe, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but ſwords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he 's outed
The juſtice of his cauſe that 's routed.
  No ſooner has a charge been founded
With—*Son of a whore*, and *Damn'd confounded*,

And the bold ſignal given, the *lye*,
But inſtantly the bottles fly,
Where cups and glaſſes are ſmall ſhot,
And cannon-ball a pewter-pot:
That blood, that 's hardly in the vein,
Is now remanded back again;
Though ſprung from wine of the ſame piece,
And near a-kin, within degrees,
Strives to commit aſſaſſinations
On its own natural relations;
And thoſe twin-ſpirits, ſo kind-hearted,
That from their friends ſo lately parted,
No ſooner ſeveral ways are gone,
But by themſelves are ſet upon,
Surpriz'd like brother againſt brother,
And put to th' ſword by one another:
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than thoſe between mere foreigners!
And man himſelf, with wine poſſeſt,
More ſavage than the wildeſt beaſt!
For ſerpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poiſon and their nature;
And fierceſt creatures, that repair,
In thirſty deſerts, to their rare
And diſtant river's banks to drink,
In love and cloſe alliance link,
And from their mixture of ſtrange ſeeds
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn;

As

As cuckolds put their antidotes,
When they drink coffee, into th' pots;
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more savage and untam'd;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barbarousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he 's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays-by his reason in his bowls,
As Turks are said to do their souls,
Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of 's life, as vignerons
Cut short the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.
So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine;
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE

UPON MARRIAGE.

SURE marriages were never ſo well fitted,
As when to matrimony' men were committed,
Like thieves by juſtices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life:
For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that ſet up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conſcience
Nor faith invaded in the ſtricteſt ſenſe;
No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke;
But when they tir'd, like other horned beaſts,
Might have it taken off, and take their reſts,
Without being bound in duty to ſhew cauſe,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
For ſince, what uſe of matrimony' has been,
But to make gallantry a greater ſin?
As if there were no appetite nor guſt,
Below adultery, in modiſh luſt;
Or no debauchery were exquiſite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear them friends;

Whom

Whom nothing can oblige at ſuch a rate
As theſe endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wiſe, and underſtand
How to improve their crimes as well as land;
And, if they 've iſſue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the goſſiping diſburſe,
And pay beforehand (ere they 're born) the nurſe;
As he that got a monſter on a cow,
Out of deſign of ſetting up a ſhow.
For why ſhould not the brats for all account,
As well as for the chriſtening at the fount,
When thoſe that ſtand for them lay down the rate
O' th' banquet and the prieſt in ſpoons and plate?
The ancient Romans made the ſtate allow
For getting all men's children above two:
Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For ſo they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men), or how, they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a ſcruple in the caſe
Was held a miſerable wretch and baſe;
For when they 'ad children by them, th' honeſt men
Return'd them to their huſbands back again.
Then, for th' encouragement and propagation
Of ſuch a great concernment to the nation,

All

All people were ſo full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public ſenſe,
They had no name t' expreſs a cuckold then,
But that which ſignified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a diſgrace,
Unleſs among the dirty populace,
And no man underſtands on what account
Leſs civil nations after hit upon 't:
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Diſhonour but to him that thinks it ſo;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorſe,
His forehead 's ſhot-free, and he 's ne'er the worſe:
For horns (like horny callouſes) are found
To grow on ſculls that have receiv'd a wound,
Are crackt, and broken; not at all on thoſe
That are invulnerate and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthieſt of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itſelf!
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Moſt Romans, was the nobleſt patriot!
For if a brave man, that preſerv'd from death
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,
He that more gallantly got three or four,
In reaſon muſt deſerve a great deal more.
Then, if thoſe glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The beſt to ſave their empire from decay,

Why

Why ſhould not theſe, that borrow all the worth
They have from them, not take this leſſon forth
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?
For, if 'tis honourable by all confeſt,
Adultery muſt be worſhipful at leaſt,
And theſe times great, when private men are come
Up to the height and politic of Rome.
All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with theſe
That claim by title right of the four ſeas:
For, being in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being engender'd with more life and force
Than thoſe begotten the dull way of courſe.
The Chineſe place all piety and zeal
In ſerving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and ſalvation
Upon their women's ſupererogation;
With ſolemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradiſe, to all mankind;
And thoſe that can produce the moſt gallants,
Are held the preciouſeſt of all their ſaints;
Wear roſaries about their necks, to con
Their exerciſes of devotion on;
That ſerve them for certificates, to ſnow
With what vaſt numbers they have had to do:

Before

Before they 're marry'd, make a conſcience
T' omit no duty of incontinence;
And ſhe that has been oftenеſt proſtituted,
Is worthy of the greateſt match reputed.
But, when the conquering Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They ſtood for conſcience, and reſolv'd to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion, which their anceſtors
And they had proſper'd in ſo many years;
Vow'd to their gods to ſacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters martyrs, and their wives,
Before they would commit ſo great a ſin
Againſt the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE

UPON PLAGIARIES*.

WHY ſhould the world be ſo averſe
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's ſenſe and fancy ſeize,
And make free prize of what they pleaſe?
As if, becauſe they huff and ſwell,
Like pilferers, full of what they ſteal,
Others might equal power aſſume,
To pay them with as hard a doom;
To ſhut them up, like beaſts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds;
Mark them with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands;

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this ſatire, or ſneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleaſed with the two firſt lines of this compoſition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus:

Why ſhould the world be ſo ſevere
To every ſmall-wit privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better; but, as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.

And

And in effigie hang and draw
The poor delinquents by club-law,
When no indictment juſtly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may b' aſſum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our nobleſt fruits, improv'd,
By being tranſplanted and remov'd;
And, as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the ſtate,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit 's wont;
Is neither moveable nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,
Nor was it ever paſs'd b' entail,
Nor ſettled upon heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall t' a ſecond hand;
So 'tis no more to be engroſs'd
Than ſunſhine, or the air inclos'd,
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than th' uncontrol'd and ſcatter'd wind.
For why ſhould that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent;
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known;
Is periſhable and deſtroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd;
Be ſcanted of that liberal uſe,
Which all mankind is free to chuſe,

And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Inſtead of being diſpers'd and ſpread?
And, the more laviſh and profuſe,
'Tis of the nobler general uſe;
As riots, though ſupply'd by ſtealth,
Are wholeſome to the commonwealth,
And men ſpend freelier what they win,
Than what they 'ave freely coming in.
The world 's as full of curious wit,
Which thoſe that father never writ,
As 'tis of baſtards, which the ſot,
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;
Yet paſs as well as if the one
And th' other bye-blow were their own.
For why ſhould he that 's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be ſtopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At leaſt th' expos'd and fatherleſs
Poor orphans of the pen and preſs,
Whoſe parents are obſcure, or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?
As none but kings have power to raiſe
A levy, which the ſubject pays,
And though they call that tax a loan,
Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own;
So he that 's able to impoſe
A wit-exciſe on verſe or proſe,
And ſtill, the abler authors are
Can make them pay the greater ſhare,

Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vaſſals that ſupply' him;
Can judge more juſtly' of what he takes
Than any of the beſt he makes,
And more impartially conceive
What 's fit to chuſe, and what to leave.
For men reflect more ſtrictly' upon
The ſenſe of others than their own;
And wit, that 's made of wit and ſleight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As ſalt, that 's made of ſalt, 's more fine,
Than when it firſt came from the brine;
And ſpirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
  Hence mighty Virgil 's ſaid, of old,
From dung to have extracted gold
(As many a lout and ſilly clown
By his inſtructions ſince has done);
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery-oats and beans,
When from his carts and country farms
He roſe a mighty man at arms;
To whom th' Heroics ever ſince
Have ſworn allegiance, as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Obſerv'd his cuſtoms in their rhymes.
  'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what ſome author writ,
And what men underſtood by rote,
By as implicit ſenſe to quote:

Then

Then many a magiſterial clerk
Was taught, like ſinging-birds, i' th' dark,
And underſtood as much of things,
As th' ableſt blackbird what it ſings;
And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and ſolid, and profound.
Then why ſhould thoſe who pick and chuſe
The beſt of all the beſt compoſe,
And join it by Moſaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty ſuit,
Not merit as complete repute
As thoſe who with leſs art and pains
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the home-ſpun buſineſs fit
As freely with their mother wit;
Since, what by Nature was deny'd
By art and induſtry 's ſupply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave,
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own deſert;
While all th' endowments ſhe confers
Are not ſo much our own as her's,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not t' our virtue, but our ſhares,
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchaſe, but inherit.
Thus all the great'ſt inventions, when
They firſt were found out, were ſo mean,

That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they ſcorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to poliſh and review;
And that a wit at ſecond-hand
Has greateſt intereſt and command;
For to improve, diſpoſe, and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.
Invention 's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies;
Diſdains t' obey the proudeſt wit,
Unleſs it chance to b' in the fit
(Like prophecy, that can preſage
Succeſſes of the lateſt age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next ſhall propheſy again);
Makes all her ſuitors courſe and wait,
Like a proud miniſter of ſtate,
And, when ſhe 's ſerious, in ſome freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her ſilly lazy pleaſure,
Until ſhe chance to be at leiſure;
When 'tis more eaſy to ſteal wit:
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the buſineſs and delight,
Like hunting-ſports, of thoſe that write;
For thievery is but one ſort,
The learned ſay, of hunting-ſport.

Hence

Hence 'tis that ſome, who ſet up firſt
As raw, and wretched, and unverſt,
And open'd with a ſtock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one ſore;
That never writ in proſe or verſe,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purſe,
And at the beſt could but commit
The petty-larceny of wit;
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to ſtamp falſe coin;
Yet, after long and ſturdy endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gathering rags and ſcraps of wit,
As paper 's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong—to be admir'd;
And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd.
For, as a banker can diſpoſe
Of greater ſums he only owes,
Than he who honeſtly is known
To deal in nothing but his own,
So, whoſoe'er can take up moſt,
May greateſt fame and credit boaſt.

SATIRE,

IN TWO PARTS,

Upon the Imperfection and Abuſe of

HUMAN LEARNING*.

PART I.

IT is the nobleſt act of human reaſon,
To free itſelf from ſlaviſh prepoſſeſſion,

Aſſume

* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article *Hudibras*, that they were perſonally informed by the late Mr. Longueville, That amongſt the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled *The Hiſtory of Learning*.—To the ſame purpoſe is the following paſſage, cited from *The Poetical Regiſter*, vol. II. p. 21.—"In juſtice to the public, it is thought proper to declare, that all the manuſcripts Mr. Butler left behind him are "now in the cuſtody of Mr. Longueville (among which is one, "entitled *The Hiſtory of Learning*, written after the manner of "Hudibras) and that not one line of thoſe poems lately publiſhed under his name is genuine."

As theſe authorities muſt have given the world reaſon to expect, in this Work, a poem of this ſort, it becomes neceſſary for me to inform the public—that Butler did meditate a pretty long ſatire upon the imperfection and abuſe of Human Learning; but

Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit,
To all it was imbued with first, submit;
Take true or false for better or for worse,
To have or to hold indifferently of course.
For Custom, though but usher of the school,
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,

but that he only finished this first part of it, though he has left very considerable and interesting fragments of the remainder, some of which I shall subjoin.

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two parts; the first, which he has executed, is to expose the defects of human learning—from the wrong methods of education—from the natural imperfection of the human mind—and from that over-eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity.—The second, as far as one can judge by the *Remains*, and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has asserted in the first; and ridiculed and satyrized the different branches of human learning, in characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, *&c.*

Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, into the mistake of calling this work *A History of Learning*; or perhaps it might arise from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with these two lines,

The history of learning is so lame,
That few can tell from whence at first it came.

What has been said will, I flatter myself, be a sufficient apology for the printing an imperfect work, if the many good things to be met with in it does not make one unnecessary.—However, for this reason, I did not think fit to place it amongst his other Satires, which are perfect in their different ways.

Uſurps a greater power and intereſt
O'er man, the heir of Reaſon, than brute beaſt,
That by two different inſtincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more falſe
Than Nature does her ſtupid animals;
And that 's one reaſon why more care 's beſtow'd
Upon the body than the ſoul 's allow'd,
That is not found to underſtand and know
So ſubtly as the body 's found to grow.
  Though children, without ſtudy, pains, or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their natural talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet as all ſtrangers never leave the tones
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So moſt men's reaſon never can outgrow
The diſcipline it firſt receiv'd to know,
But renders words they firſt began to con,
The end of all that 's after to be known,
And ſets the help of education back,
Worſe than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificial'ſt fools
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the ſchools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behind-hand with their education,
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one 's fit for it in an age.
  No ſooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and ſtedfaſt to retain,

Beſt

Beſt knowledges, but all 's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curſe of Babylon;
To make confounded languages reſtore
A greater drudgery than it barr'd before:
And therefore thoſe imported from the Eaſt,
Where firſt they were incurr'd, are held the beſt,
Although convey'd in worſe Arabian pothooks
Than gifted tradeſmen ſcratch in ſermon note-books;
Are really but pains and labour loſt,
And not worth half the drudgery they coſt,
Unleſs, like rarities, as they 've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When thoſe who had no other but their own,
Have all ſucceeding eloquence outdone:
As men that wink with one eye ſee more true,
And take their aim much better, than with two:
For, the more languages a man can ſpeak,
His talent has but ſprung the greater leak;
And, for the induſtry he 'as ſpent upon 't,
Muſt full as much ſome other way diſcount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, ſet men's reaſon back,
And turn their wits, that ſtrive to underſtand it
(Like thoſe that write the characters) left-handed:
Yet he that is but able to expreſs
No ſenſe at all in ſeveral languages,
Will paſs for learneder than he that 's known
To ſpeak the ſtrongeſt reaſon in his own.
  Theſe are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in faſhion,

But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship;
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins:
When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only us'd to pass the time away;
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
To express a school and playhouse, but the same,
And in their languages, so long agone,
To study or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little less extravagances,
The rest and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake
And, when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.
Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possest,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;
While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,
Are most averse to industry and study,
And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise.

But

But when thoſe great conveniencies meet,
Of equal judgment, induſtry, and wit,
The one but ſtrives the other to divert,
While Fate and Cuſtom in the feud take part,
And ſcholars, by prepoſterous over-doing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, though the underſtanding of mankind
Within ſo ſtrait a compaſs is confin'd,
Diſdain the limits Nature ſets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The braveſt ſoldiers ſcorn, until they 're got
Cloſe to the enemy, to make a ſhot;
Yet great philoſophers delight to ſtretch
Their talents moſt at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle every cauſe
That Nature uſes, by their own bye-laws;
When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,
Where ſhe denies admiſſion, to intrude;
And all their induſtry is but to err,
Unleſs they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 'tis the world the leſs has underſtood,
By ſtriving to know more than 'tis allow'd.
For Adam, with the loſs of Paradiſe
Bought knowledge at too deſperate a price,
And ever ſince that miſerable fate
Learning did never coſt an eaſier rate;
For, though the moſt divine and ſovereign good
That Nature has upon mankind beſtow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' intereſt of truth than ignorance,

And therefore never bore ſo high a value
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and ſhallow;
Had academies, ſchools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increaſe;
With pomp and ſhew was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magiſtrate had faſces;
Impower'd with ſtatute, privilege, and mandate,
T' aſſume an art, and after underſtand it;
Like bills of ſtore for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it cuſtom-free;
And own profeſſions which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And, having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,
But ſcorn'd, as ſoon as 'twas but underſtood,
As better is a ſpiteful foe to good,
And now has nothing left for its ſupport,
But what the darkeſt times provided for 't.
Man has a natural deſire to know,
But th' one half is for intereſt, th' other ſhow:
As ſcriveners take more pains to learn the ſleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write:
So all his ſtudy is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but ſome vainer end;
T' appear and paſs for learned, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For moſt of thoſe that drudge and labour hard,
Furniſh their underſtandings by the yard,

As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quartos' and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themſelves,
And underſtand no further than the ſhelves;
But ſmatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their Claſſical partitions;
When all a ſtudent knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own power,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,
Where all he can make of it at the beſt,
Is hardly three *per cent.* for intereſt;
And whether he will ever get it out,
Into his own poſſeſſion, is a doubt:
Affects all books of paſt and modern ages,
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the beſt, thoſe of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the rabble in the ſtreet,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meaneſt by his name,
And, by ſo mean contemptible a bribe,
Trepann'd the ſuffrages of every tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no ſmall improvement to their own,
And he 's eſteem'd the learned'ſt of all others,
That has the largeſt catalogue of authors.

FRAG-

FRAGMENTS

OF AN INTENDED

SECOND PART

OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE.

MEN'S talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they 're beyond their juſt extent,
As ſmatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The leſs they truly underſtand an art;
And, where they 've leaſt capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear moſt peremptory and ſtout;

Theſe *Fragments* were fairly written out, and ſeveral times, with ſome little variations, tranſcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be conſidered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each ſeparately finiſhed, but not united into one general deſign.

From theſe the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our Author's intended ſcheme; and will, I doubt not, regret, with me, that he did not apply himſelf to the finiſhing of a ſatire ſo well ſuited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

It may be thought, perhaps, that ſome parts of it ought to have been illuſtrated with notes; but as the printing an imperfect work may be judged, by ſome readers of great delicacy, a ſort of intruſion upon the public, I did not care to enhance the objection by clogging it with additional obſervations of my own.

While

While thoſe that know the mathematic lines
Where Nature all the wit of man confines;
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its ſphere;
Enjoy an abſoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to underſtand,
Than thoſe that falſely venture to encroach
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach,
And ſtill, the more they ſtrive to underſtand,
Like great eſtates, run furtheſt behind-hand;
Will undertake the univerſe to fathom,
From infinite down to a ſingle atom;
Without a geometric inſtrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as eaſy how the world was made,
As if they 'ad been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Neceſſity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole eſtabliſhment of Nature;
When all their wits to underſtand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational account why fiſh,
That always uſe to drink, do never piſs.

WHAT mad fantaſtic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic ſects!
The firſt and beſt philoſopher of Athens
Was crackt, and ran ſtark-ſtaring mad with patience,

And

And had no other way to ſhew his wit,
But when his wife was in her ſcolding-fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquiſition,
And ſuffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his ſcholar, ſtriving to expel
All poets his poetic commonweal,
Exil'd himſelf, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only bating verſe.
The Stagyrite, unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd:
So he that put his eyes out, to conſider
And contemplate on natural things the ſteadier,
Did but himſelf for idiot convince,
Though reverenc'd by the learned ever ſince.
Empedocles, to be eſteem'd a god,
Leapt into Ætna, with his ſandals ſhod:
That being blown out, diſcover'd what an aſs
The great philoſopher and juggler was,
That to his own new deity ſacrific'd,
And was himſelf the victim and the prieſt.
The Cynic coin'd falſe money, and, for fear
Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philoſopher;
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honeſt man i' th' heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done,
If he had known himſelf to be but one.
With ſwarms of maggots of the ſelf-ſame rate,
The learned of all ages celebrate
Things that are properer for Knightſbridge college,
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;

More

More ſottiſh than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whiſtle,
To rally on an aſs that ate a thiſtle;
That th' antique ſage, that was gallant t' a gooſe,
A fitter miſtreſs could not pick and chuſe,
Whoſe tempers, inclinations, ſenſe, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree ſo fit.

THE ancient ſceptics conſtantly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they juſtify'd;
For when they' affirm'd that nothing 's to be known,
They did but what they ſaid before diſown;
And, like Polemics of the Poſt, pronounce
The ſame thing to be true and falſe at once.
Theſe follies had ſuch influence on the rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual ſquabble;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partiſans;
That, to maintain their own hypotheſes,
Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;
Were often ſet by officers i' th' ſtocks
For quarreling about a paradox:
When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-queen ſtools,
For falling foul on oyſter-women's ſchools,
No herb-women ſold cabbages or onions,
But to their goſſips of their own opinions.
A Peripatetic cobler ſcorn'd to ſoal
A pair of ſhoes of any other ſchool;

And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the most heroic,
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the interests of their sects,
And still behav'd themselves as resolute
In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute,
Until, with wounds and bruises which they' had got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;
When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
Were but to prove disputes the sovereign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first design'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,
By being too nicely overstrain'd and vext,
Have made the comment harder than the text,
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces, of a point,
And with impertinent evasions force
The clearest reason from its native course—
That argue things so' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;
And venture to demonstrate, when they 've slur'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word,

For

For diſputants (as ſwordſmen uſe to fence
With blunted foyles) engage with blunted ſenſe;
And, as they 're wont to falſify a blow,
Uſe nothing elſe to paſs upon the foe;
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, ſtrive to beat away the jack;
And, when they find themſelves too hardly preſt on,
Prevaricate, and change the ſtate o' th' queſt'on;
The nobleſt ſcience of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert,
And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
Down to the ſchools, in giving blows, or warding.

AS old knights-errant in their harneſs fought
As ſafe as in a caſtle or redoubt,
Gave one another deſperate attacks,
To ſtorm the counterſcarps upon their backs;
So diſputants advance, and poſt their arms,
To ſtorm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on ſome extravagant expreſſion,
But ne'er attempt the main deſign and reaſon—
So ſome polemics uſe to draw their ſwords
Againſt the language only and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmaſius,
Engag'd with nothing but his ſtyle and phraſes,
Wav'd to aſſert the murther of a prince,
The author of falſe Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cauſe aſide,
By thoſe that underſtood them to be try'd;

And counted breaking Priſcian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king;
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd,
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of ſcales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or falſe,
And ſtill, the more 'tis us'd, is wont t' abate
The ſubtlety and niceneſs of its weight,
Until 'tis falſe, and will not riſe nor fall,
Like thoſe that are leſs artificial;
And therefore ſtudents, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to ſwallow many a ſenſeleſs gudgeon,
And by their over-underſtanding loſe
Its active faculty with too much uſe;
For reaſon, when too curiouſly 'tis ſpun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wiſely as the blind that leads the blind:
For, as thoſe ſurnames are eſteem'd the beſt
That ſignify in all things elſe the leaſt,
So men paſs faireſt in the world's opinion,
That have the leaſt of truth and reaſon in them.
Truth would undo the world, if it poſſeſt
The meaneſt of its right and intereſt;
Is but a titular princeſs, whoſe authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But moſt of all where it can lay no claim;

As

As far from gaiety and complaiſance,
As greatneſs, inſolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has ſurrendred her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right uſurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lyes—
As no tricks on the rope but thoſe that break,
Or come moſt near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the ſight, ſo nothing goes for wit
But nonſenſe, or the next of all to it:
For nonſenſe, being neither falſe nor true,
A little wit to any thing may ſcrew;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of courſe
Will ſtand as well in virtue, power, and force,
And paſs for ſenſe t' all purpoſes as good
As if it had at firſt been underſtood:
For nonſenſe has the ampleſt privileges,
And more than all the ſtrongeſt ſenſe obliges;
That furniſhes the ſchools with terms of art,
The myſteries of ſcience to impart;
Supplies all ſeminaries with recruits
Of endleſs controverſies and diſputes;
For learned nonſenſe has a deeper ſound
Than eaſy ſenſe, and goes for more profound.

FOR all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and ſtyle,
And the moſt curious critics or the learned
Believe themſelves in nothing elſe concerned;

For, as it is the garniture and dreſs
That all things wear in books and languages
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear,
According to the habits that they wear),
'Tis probable to be the trueſt teſt
Of all the ingenuity o' th' reſt.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their ſtyles the wit of greateſt clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the ſchools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of intereſt and their clients' eloquence;
When conſuls, cenſors, ſenators, and prætors,
With great dictators, us'd to apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magiſtrate o' th' ſchool
Give ſentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And thoſe who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to ſay their leſſons, and declame.
Words are but pictures, true or falſe deſign'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
T' expreſs the inward images of thoughts;
And artiſts ſay a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not underſtood;
Whence ſome infer they may admire a ſtyle,
Though all the reſt be e'er ſo mean and vile;
Applaud th' outſides of words, but never mind
With what fantaſtic tawdry they are lin'd.
So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſcience, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and falſe;
Caſts miſts before an audience's eyes,
To paſs the one for th' other in diſguiſe;
And, like a morrice-dancer dreſs'd with bells,
Only to ſerve for noiſe and nothing elſe,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendents in a horſe's ear;
For, if the language will but bear the teſt,
No matter what becomes of all the reſt:
The ableſt orator, to ſave a word,
Would throw all ſenſe and reaſon overboard.
Hence 'tis that nothing elſe but eloquence
Is ty'd to ſuch a prodigal expence;
That lays out half the wit and ſenſe it uſes
Upon the other half's, as vain excuſes:
For all defences and apologies
Are but ſpecifics t' other frauds and lyes;
And th' artificial waſh of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the cleareſt ſenſe,
Only to ſtain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perſpicuity;
Whilſt all the beſt and ſobereſt things he does,
Are when he coughs, or ſpits, or blows his noſe;
Handles no point ſo evident and clear
(Beſides his white gloves) as his handkercher;
Unfolds the niceſt ſcruple ſo diſtinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't

Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that ſojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And, while their ſtudies are between the one
And th' other ſpent, have nothing of their own;
Like ſpunges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures falſe:
For, whether 'tis their want of converſation,
Inclines them to all ſorts of affectation;
Their ſedentary life and melancholy,
The everlaſting nurſery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too ſubtly
Has turn'd the inſides of their brains to motley;
Or ſquandering of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none;
Their conſtant overſtraining of the mind
Diſtorts the brain, as horſes break their wind;
Or rude confuſions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their conſtant wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the inſides of their ſculls;
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things elſe unfit;
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either;
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,

And,

And, by th' immoderate exceſs of ſtudy,
Have found the ſickly head t' outgrow the body.
For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the ſkin of judgment, ſenſe, and art,
A ſtupify'd excreſcence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Diſtempers of an artificial brain—
So he that once ſtood for the learned'ſt man,
Had read out Little-Britain and Duck-Lane;
Worn out his reaſon, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual ſtudy;
Kept tutors of all ſorts, and virtuoſos,
To read all authors to him with their gloſſes,
And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and ſcholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to ſit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by conſonants and vowels;
Had crackt his ſcull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in caſes;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of ſciences and arts,
That ſerve t' improve a feeble gameſter's ſtudy,
That ventures at grammatic beaſt, or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry vats o'er from Francfort fairs,

Whoſe

Whoſe authors uſe t' articulate their ſurnames
With ſcraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to ſcatter books in every room,
Where they might beſt be ſeen by all that come,
And lay a train that naturally ſhould force
What he deſign'd, as if it fell of courſe;
And all this with a worſe ſucceſs than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When, lighting on a philoſophic ſpell,
Of which he never knew one ſyllable,
Preſto, be gone, h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing elſe been bred.

UPON

UPON

AN HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE*.

I.

THERE 's nothing ſo abſurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But, if it lay the leaſt pretence
To piety and godlineſs,
Or tender-hearted conſcience,
And zeal for goſpel-truths profeſs,
Does ſacred inſtantly commence;
And all that dare but queſtion it, are ſtrait
Pronounc'd the uncircumcis'd and reprobate:

* This and the two following compoſitions are the only ones that our Author wrote in this meaſure; which ſome readers may, perhaps, think too grave and ſolemn for the ſubject, and the turn of Butler's wit. It muſt, however, be allowed, that he falls no way ſhort of his uſual depth and reach of thought, keenneſs of ſatire, and acuteneſs of expreſſion.

As

As malefactors, that escape and fly
Into a sanctuary for defence,
Must not be brought to justice thence,
Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high;
And he that dares presume to do 't,
Is sentenc'd and deliver'd-up
To Satan, that engag'd him to 't,
For venturing wickedly to put a stop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle saucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him, while he and they
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And, as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their stone and timber deities,
Their temples and their altars, of one piece;
The same outgoings seem t' inspire
Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
That, out of things as far from sense, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of th' imagination,
To worship and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd delusions draw
As monstrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vision saw;
Mistakes the feeble impotence,
And vain delusions of his mind,

For

For ſpiritual gifts and offerings,
Which Heaven to preſent him brings;
And ſtill, the further 'tis from ſenſe,
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But, as all tricks whoſe principles
Are falſe, prove falſe in all things elſe,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in penſion with his conſcience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence;
And, as the one grows obſtinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Diſpoſes of his gifts and diſpenſations
Like ſpiritual foundations
Endow'd to pious uſes, and deſign'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind;
But ſtill diverts them to as bad, or worſe,
Than others are by unjuſt governors:
For, like our modern publicans,
He ſtill puts out all dues
He owes to Heaven to the devil to uſe,
And makes his godly intereſt great gains;
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The ſpirit in him) contribute,
And, to repair and edify his ſpent
And broken-winded outward man, preſent
For painful holding-forth againſt the government.

IV. The

IV.

The subtle spider never spins,
But on dark days, his slimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His spiritual machines
Unless among the weak and ignorant,
Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the slight,
That in their zeal are most extravagant;
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water:
And still, the muddier he finds their brains,
The more he 's sought and follow'd after,
And greater ministrations gains:
For talking idly is admir'd,
And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
And still, the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more powerful:
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
And dullest nonsense has been found,
By some, to be the solid'st and the most profound.

V.

A great Apostle once was said
With too much learning to be mad;
But our great Saint becomes distract,
And only with too little crackt;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,
And will endure no reason but his own:

For

For 'tis a drudgery and task
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
To answer all men can object or ask;
But to be found impregnable,
And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
In spite of shame or reason resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute:
As he that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic power away,
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:
For, while he holds that nothing is so damn'd
And shameful as to be asham'd,
He never can b' attack'd,
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,
Among the weak and prepossess'd,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly power, oppress'd.

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there 's something to be gain'd;
And, that being once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale
O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail:
For, as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
So he has found are all restraints
To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints;
For the same thing enriches that confines;

And like to Lully, when he was in hold,
He turns his baſer metals into gold;
Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding forth, and holding of his peace;
And takes a penſion to be advocate
And ſtanding counſel 'gainſt the church and ſtate
For gall'd and tender conſciences;
Commits himſelf to priſon to trepan,
Draw in, and ſpirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call,
To draw the wildeſt into nets,
More prevalent and natural
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His ſlippery conſcience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics,
And every one another contradicts;
All laws of heaven and earth can break,
And ſwallow oaths, and blood, and rapine eaſy,
And yet is ſo infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentleſt check,
But at the ſlighteſt nicety grows queaſy;
Diſdains control, and yet can be
No where, but in a priſon, free;
Can force itſelf, in ſpite of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home,
A ſlave and villain to become,
To ſerve its intereſts abroad:
And, though no Phariſee was e'er ſo cunning
At tithing mint and cummin,

No

No dull idolater was e'er ſo flat
In things of deep and ſolid weight;
Pretends to charity and holineſs,
But is implacable to peace,
And out of tenderneſs grows obſtinate.
And, though the zeal of God's houſe ate a prince
And prophet up (he ſays) long ſince,
His croſs-grain'd peremptory zeal
Would eat up God's houſe, and devour it at a meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but proſecute,
As if he went to law, his ſuit;
Summons his Maker to appear
And anſwer what he ſhall prefer;
Returns him back his gift of prayer,
Not to petition, but declare;
Exhibits croſs complaints
Againſt him the breach of Covenants,
And all the charters of the Saints;
Pleads guilty to the action, and yet ſtands
Upon high terms and bold demands;
Excepts againſt him and his laws,
And will be judge himſelf in his own cauſe;
And grows more ſaucy and ſevere
Than th' Heathen emperor was to Jupiter,
That us'd to wrangle with him and diſpute,
And ſometimes would ſpeak ſoftly in his ear,
And ſometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his ſuit.

IX.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
In holding-forth, the virtue lies
Not in the letter of the ſenſe,
But in the ſpiritual vehemence,
The power and diſpenſation of the voice,
The zealous pangs and agonies,
And heavenly turnings of the eyes;
The groans, with which he piouſly deſtroys
And drowns the nonſenſe in the noiſe;
And grows ſo loud, as if he meant to force
And take-in heaven by violence;
To fright the Saints into ſalvation,
Or ſcare the devil from temptation;
Until he falls ſo low and hoarſe,
No kind of carnal ſenſe
Can be made out of what he means:
But, as the ancient Pagans were preciſe
To uſe no ſhort-tail'd beaſt in ſacrifice,
He ſtill conforms to them, and has a care
T' allow the largeſt meaſure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient churches, and the beſt,
By their own martyrs' blood increaſt;
But he has found out a new way,
To do it with the blood of thoſe
That dare his church's growth oppoſe,
Or her imperious canons diſobey;

And

And ſtrives to carry on the Work,
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
With holy rage, and edifying war,
More ſafe and powerful ways by far:
For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
Was the firſt great Reformer, and the chief
Of th' ancient Chriſtian belief,
That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
With revelations, dreams, and viſions,
And apoſtolic ſuperſtitions,
To be held forth and carry'd on by war;
And his ſucceſſor was a Preſbyter,
With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For, as a Turk, that is to act ſome crime
Againſt his Prophet's holy law,
Is wont to bid his foul withdraw,
And leave his body for a time;
So, when ſome horrid action 's to be done,
Our Turkiſh proſelyte puts on
Another ſpirit, and lays by his own;
And, when his over-heated brain
Turns giddy, like his brother Muſſulman,
He 's judg'd inſpir'd, and all his frenzies held
To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
The one believes all madmen to be ſaints,
Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
And yet in madneſs all devotion plants,
And where he differs moſt concurs;

Both equally exact and juſt
In perjury and breach of truſt;
So like in all things, that one Brother
Is but a counterpart of th' other;
And both unanimouſly damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they ſtrive to do the ſame.

XII.

Both equally deſign to raiſe
Their churches by the ſelf-ſame ways;
With war and ruin to aſſert
Their doctrine, and with fire and ſword convert;
To preach the goſpel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And though, in worſhipping of God, all blood
Was by his own laws diſallow'd,
Both hold no holy rites to be ſo good,
And both, to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints, one way proceed;
For luſt and rapes in war repair as faſt
As fury and deſtruction waſte:
Both equally allow all crimes,
As lawful means to propagate a ſect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And licence does more good in goſpel-times.
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'ſt ſcenes of blood and ſin;
For, when religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monſters can ſucceed.

UPON

MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'TIS well that equal Heaven has plac'd
Thoſe joys above, that to reward
The juſt and virtuous are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach, until their pains are paſt;
Elſe men would rather venture to poſſeſs
By force, than earn their happineſs;
And only take the devil's advice,
As Adam did, how ſooneſt to be wiſe,
Though at th 'expence of Paradiſe:
For, as ſome ſay, to fight is but a baſe
Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A generous ſpirit t' undergo;
So 'tis to take the pains to know:
Which ſome, with only confidence and face,
More eaſily and ably do;
For daring nonſenſe ſeldom fails to hit,
Like ſcatter'd ſhot, and paſs with ſome for wit.
Who would not rather make himſelf a judge,
And boldly uſurp the chair,
Than with dull induſtry and care
Endure to ſtudy, think, and drudge,

For that which he much ſooner may advance
With obſtinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, though in ſpite
Of Nature and their ſtars, a right
To cenſure, judge, and know,
Though ſhe can only order who
Shall be, and who ſhall ne'er be, wiſe:
Then why ſhould thoſe whom ſhe denies
Her favour and good graces to,
Not ſtrive to take opinion by ſurprize,
And raviſh what it were in vain to wooe?
For he that deſperately aſſumes
The cenſure of all wits and arts,
Though without judgment, ſkill, and parts,
Only to ſtartle and amuſe,
And maſk his ignorance (as Indians uſe
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether-parts t' adorn),
Can never fail to captive ſome,
That will ſubmit to his oraculous doom,
And reverence what they ought to ſcorn;
Admire his ſturdy confidence,
For ſolid judgment and deep ſenſe:
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
Like ſtolen pleaſures, ought to be moſt ſweet.

III.

Two ſelf-admirers, that combine
Againſt the world, may paſs a fine

Upon

Upon all judgment, ſenſe, and wit,
And ſettle it as they think fit
On one another, like the choice
Of Perſian princes, by one horſe's voice:
For thoſe fine pageants which ſome raiſe,
Of falſe and diſproportion'd praiſe,
T' enable whom they pleaſe t' appear
And paſs for what they never were,
In private only being but nam'd,
Their modeſty muſt be aſham'd,
And not endure to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,
And own'd in public every where:
So vain ſome authors are to boaſt
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit wits, to dub
Each other but a Knight o' the Poſt,
As falſe as ſuborn'd perjurers,
That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

IV.

But, when all other courſes fail,
There is one eaſy artifice,
That ſeldom has been known to miſs—
To cry all mankind down, and rail:
For he whom all men do contemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reaſon, wit, and ſenſe,
And all that makes againſt himſelf condemn;

To ſnarl at all things, right or wrong,
Like a mad dog that has a worm in 's tongue;
Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
To its firſt original the devil;
And, like a fierce inquiſitor of wit,
To ſpare no fleſh that ever ſpoke or writ;
Though to perform his taſk as dull,
As if he had a toadſtone in his ſcull,
And could produce a greater ſtock
Of maggots than a paſtoral poet's flock.

V.

The feebleſt vermin can deſtroy
As ſure as ſtouteſt beaſts of prey,
And, only with their eyes and breath,
Infect and poiſon men to death;
But that more impotent buffoon,
That makes it both his buſineſs and his ſport
To rail at all, is but a drone,
That ſpends his ſting on what he cannot hurt;
Enjoys a kind of letchery in ſpite,
Like o'ergrown ſinners, that in whipping take delight;
Invades the reputation of all thoſe
That have, or have it not, to loſe;
And, if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongeſt ſenſe:
As rooking gameſters never lay
Upon thoſe hands that uſe fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the ſlurs and cunning tricks of ableſt cheats.

VI. Nor

VI.

Nor does he vex himſelf much leſs
Than all the world beſide;
Falls ſick of other men's exceſs,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happineſs;
Revenges on himſelf the wrong
Which his vain malice and looſe tongue,
To thoſe that feel it not, have done,
And whips and ſpurs himſelf becauſe he is outgone;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and falſe,
As witches' pictures are, of wax and clay,
To thoſe whom they would in effigie ſlay.
And, as the devil, that has no ſhape of 's own,
Affects to put the ugliеſt on,
And leaves a ſtink behind him when he 's gone,
So he that 's worſe than nothing ſtrives t' appear
I' th' likeneſs of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak; but, when men dare
Encounter with him, ſtinks and vaniſhes to air.

TO

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE

MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE*.

I.

'TIS true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With ſettlements for after-lives:
For all that can be done or ſaid,
Though ere ſo noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor underſtood.
All our fine ſleights and tricks of art,
Firſt to create, and then adore deſert,
And thoſe romances which we frame,
To raiſe ourſelves, not them, a name,
In vain are ſtuft with ranting flatteries,
And ſuch as, if they knew, they would deſpiſe.

* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many ſpurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his *Remains*, was publiſhed by the Author himſelf, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three ſheets 4to; and, agreeable to this, I find it in his own hand-writing among his manuſcripts, with ſome little addition, and a few verbal alterations, as the reader may obſerve, in comparing it with the copy already printed.

For,

For, as thoſe times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no gold in uſe at all;
So we plant glory and renown
Where it was ne'er deſerv'd nor known,
But to worſe purpoſe, many times,
To flouriſh o'er nefarious crimes,
And cheat the world, that never ſeems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whoſe name
Can never be worn-out by Fame;
That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
A great example to mankind;
That fell a public ſacrifice,
From ruin to preſerve thoſe few
Who, though born falſe, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more juſt and wiſe;
Ought not, like vulgar aſhes, reſt
Unmention'd in his ſilent cheſt,
Not for his own, but public intereſt.
He, like a pious man, ſome years before
The arrival of his fatal hour,
Made every day he had to live
To his laſt minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more gentle mode;
Take prizes more obligingly than thoſe
Who never had been bred *filous*;

And

And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

III.

In France, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods;
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-fashion wine or meat;
To understand cravats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes;
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders or Venise;
Cast their nativities, and, to a day,
Foretel how long they 'll hold, and when decay;
T' affect the purest negligences
In gestures, gaits, and miens,
And speak by *repartee-rotines*
Out of the most authentic of romances,
And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
What ribbands, all the year, are in or out of season;

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
He had his birth and education,
Where all men are so ingeniously inclin'd,
They understand by imitation,

Improve

Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they ſuck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does diſpenſe
To all a deep and ſolid confidence;
A virtue of that precious uſe,
That he whom bounteous Heaven endues
But with a moderate ſhare of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
In all the deep Hermetic arts
(For ſo of late the learned call
All tricks, if ſtrange and myſtical).
He had improv'd his natural parts,
And with his magic rod could ſound
Where hidden treaſure might be found:
He, like a lord o' th' manor, ſeiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way,
As lawful weft and ſtray,
And after, by the cuſtom, kept it as his own.

V.

From theſe firſt rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horſe,
Whom he as bravely did ſubdue;
Declar'd all caravans, that go
Upon the king's highway, the foe;
Made many deſperate attacks
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all profeſſions, ranks, and trades,
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;

Made

Made them lay down their arms, and yield,
And, to the ſmalleſt piece, reſtore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
In every bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on;
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of others' lives, until he has made it known
How much he does deſpiſe and ſcorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Have by his conquering ſword been won;
And mighty ſums of money laid,
For ranſom, upon every man,
And hoſtages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' exciſe and chimney-publican,
The Jew-foreſtaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did anſwer.
He vanquiſh'd the moſt fierce and fell
Of all his foes, the Conſtable;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And, when they' encounter in it, wins the day:
Safe in his garriſon, the Court,
Where meaner criminals are ſentenc'd for 't,

To

To this ſtern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the Scotchman did to' a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have ſtarv'd this mighty Town,
And brought its haughty ſpirit down;
Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wife and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce aſſault
Upon all ammunition-carts,
And thoſe that bring up cheeſe, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts;
No convoy e'er ſo ſtrong with food
Durſt venture on the deſperate road;
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
The ſavage butcher and ſtout drover
Durſt not to him their feeble troops diſcover;
And, if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the City yield;
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
I' th' belly apteſt to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
In which his ſtars began to frown,
And had in cloſe cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down,

And

And he, by numerous foes oppreſt,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon caſt,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Leſt he by force or ſtratagem
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
And break through all their locks, and bolts, and wards;
Had both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be ſet at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care
Than thoſe of meaner rates,
So he was in ſtone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up cloſe priſoners their hearts;
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made them yield up love and honour too,
But in more brave heroic ways
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays:
For thoſe two ſpiteful foes, who never meet
But full of hot conteſts and piques
About punctilios and mere tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom ſubmit,
And, far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him did agree,
Both fully ſatisfy'd; the one
With thoſe freſh laurels he had won,

And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other with his perſon and his charms:
For, juſt as larks are catch'd in nets,
By gazing on a piece of glaſs,
So, while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
And ſmoother-poliſh'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by ſurprize.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Diſtreſſed dames, ſuch dreadful feats atchieve
As feeble damſels, for his ſake,
Would have been proud to undertake;
And, bravely ambitious to redeem
The world's loſs and their own,
Strove who ſhould have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him;
But, finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fixt determin'd fate,
Their life itſelf began to hate,
As if it were an infamy
To live when he was doom'd to die;
Made loud appeals and moans,
To leſs hard-hearted grates and ſtones;
Came, ſwell'd with ſighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themſelves his fellow-ſufferers,
And follow'd him, like priſoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD

UPON

THE PARLIAMENT,

WHICH DELIBERATED

ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING *.

As close as a goose
Sat the Parliament-house,
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;
Two princes of Wales,
For Whitsun-ales,
And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of *Protector*.

In

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yeſty Pride,
With his dagger and his ſling;
He was the pertinent'ſt peer
Of all that were there,
T' adviſe with ſuch a king.

A great philoſopher
Had a gooſe for his lover,
That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true ſtory,
Or but an allegory,
It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his ſon,
Both caſt into one,
Were meant for a ſingle baron;
But when they came to ſit,
There was not wit
Enough in them both to ſerve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood;
But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
And that made up a Pair-royal.

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

CONJECTURED TO BE ON

OLIVER CROMWELL*.

PART I.

DRAW near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A ſtranger thing
Than this I ſing
Came never to this city.

Had you but ſeen this monſter,
You would not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title—*The Privileges of Pimping*—but afterwards croſſed it out, for which reaſon I have not inſerted it; and only mention it as a circumſtance which may amuſe ſuch as are curious in hunting out the explication of niceties of this ſort. It does not appear to bear any ſenſe conſiſtent with the ſubject; but ſome other critic may perhaps find one, or at leaſt pleaſe himſelf with thinking ſo.

You

You would defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor;
The ſtrangeſt ſhape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lmy fair!

His face is round and decent,
As is your diſh or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a noſe,
But, indeed, it is no ſuch matter.

On both ſides of th' aforeſaid
Are eyes, but they 're not matches,
On which there are
To be ſeen two fair
And large well-grown muſtaches.

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders ſtrike,
That a beard ſhould grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever ſee the like?

Ver. 16.] From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not poſitively affirm, that this droll picture was deſigned for him. The roundneſs of the face, the odneſs of the noſe, and the remarkable largeneſs of the eyebrows, are particulars which correſpond exactly with them.

He has no ſcull, 'tis well known
To thouſands of beholders;
Nothing but a ſkin
Does keep his brains in
From running about his ſhoulders.

On both ſides of his noddle
Are ſtraps o' th' very ſame leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But they 're mere hide,
Or morſels of tripe, chuſe ye whether.

Between theſe two extendeth
A ſlit from ear to ear,
That every hour
Gapes to devour
The ſowce that grows ſo near.

Beneath, a tuft of briſtles,
As rough as a frize jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twould have ſerv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within, a ſet of grinders
Moſt ſharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and braſs
As eaſy as
That you would do a pudding.

But the ſtrangeſt thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That uſeth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth.

A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS.

CONJECTURED TO BE ON

OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

THIS monſter was begotten
Upon one of the witches,
B' an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to wooe her,
With black doublet and breeches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers ſeveral countries
The hogs and ſwine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horſe that ne'er ſtumbled.

As ſoon as he was brought forth,
At the midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap;
They ſay 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails moſt ſharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I' th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be ſeen.

Ver. 13, 14.] This whimſical liberty our Author takes, of tranſpoſing the words for the ſake of a rhyme, though at the expence of the ſenſe, is a new kind of poetic licence; and it is merry enough to obſerve, that he literally does, what he jokingly charges upon other poets in another place;

> But thoſe that write in rhyme ſtill make
> The one verſe for the other's ſake;
> For one for ſenſe, and one for rhyme,
> I think, 's ſufficient at one time.
>
> Hud. p. II. c. i. v. 29.

And

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vaniſh'd, ſeen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the ſtink
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
-neſs; for the ſight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
And all thoſe parts much harmed,
Till a wife-woman, which
Some call a white witch,
Him into a hog-ſtye charmed.

There, when ſhe had him ſhut faſt,
With brimſtone and with nitre
She ſing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a ſpaniel;
For ſhe us'd to ride
On his back aſtride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But,

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been ſhown
In every town,
And eke in every ſhire.

And now, at length, he 's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-ſtreet
All thoſe may ſee 't
That will not believe my ditty.

God ſave the King and Parliament,
And eke the Prince's highneſs,
And quickly ſend
The wars an end,
As here my ſong has—*Finis.*

Ver. 61.] From this circumſtance it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the murder of the King, and that it is the earlieſt performance of Butler's that has yet been made public; and I think one may, without prejudice, affirm, that it does no diſcredit to his younger years.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS *.

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend,
By several courses, to one end;
To compass, by the properest shows,
Whatever their designs propose;

And

* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were among many of the same kind, fairly written out by Butler, in a sort of poetical Thesaurus, which I have before mentioned. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them as separate distinct thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, a thing very usual with him, cannot be ascertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to those who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. I have ventured to give them the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*; but I have not been over-curious in placing them in any methodical order. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land,
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Russ to reconcile, &c.

The publishing of Miscellaneous Thoughts, or, what passes under the name of *Table-talk*, might be justified by many names of the greatest authority in the learned world; and these sallies of wit, unconnectedly printed, sometimes give more pleasure than when they are interspersed in a long and regular work; as it is often more entertaining to examine jewels separately in a cabinet, than to see them adorning a prince's crown or a royal robe.

One

And that which owns the faireſt pretext
Is often found the indireſt'ſt.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites ſtill paint
Much fairer than the real ſaint,
And knaves appear more juſt and true
Than honeſt men, that make leſs ſhew:
The dulleſt idiots in diſguiſe
Appear more knowing than the wiſe;
Illiterate dunces, undiſcern'd,
Paſs on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Paſs muſter for the valiant:
For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a juſt pretence,
And, put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

HOW various and innumerable
Are thoſe who live upon the rabble!
'Tis they maintain the church and ſtate,
Employ the prieſt and magiſtrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and exciſes,
And impoſitions of all prices;
Bear all th' expence of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;

One may venture to add, that theſe of our Author muſt have a kind of additional recommendation, by the agreeable ſingularity of their being in verſe.

Maintain

Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their paſtors exhibitions;
And thoſe who have the greateſt flocks
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all ſchiſmatics and ſects,
And pay them for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay them in good rents and lands;
Diſcharge all coſtly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the ſcores
Of caterpillar bawds and whores;
Diſcharge all damages and coſts
Of Knights and Squires of the Poſt;
All ſtateſmen, cutpurſes, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders;
All pettifoggers, and all ſorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All ſums of money paid or ſpent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or given
To purchaſe this world, hell, or heaven.

SHOULD once the world reſolve t' aboliſh
All that 's ridiculous and fooliſh,
It would have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jeſt or earneſt to,
No buſineſs of importance, play,
Or ſtate, to paſs its time away.

THE

THE world would be more juſt, if truth and lyes,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But, ſince impoſtors are ſo highly rais'd,
And faith and juſtice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers, for ſuch paltry gains,
T' undo themſelves with drudgery and pains.

THE ſottiſh world without diſtinction looks
On all that paſſes on th' account of books;
And, when there are two ſcholars that within
The ſpecies only hardly are a-kin,
The world will paſs for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they 've loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they 're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the ſun
To ripen it ſooner than he would have done.

AS all Fanatics preach, ſo all men write,
Out of the ſtrength of gifts, and inward light,
In ſpite of art; as horſes thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more faſt.

IN all miſtakes the ſtrict and regular
Are found to be the deſperat'ſt ways to err,
And worſt to be avoided; as a wound
Is ſaid to be the harder cur'd that 's round;

For

For error and miſtake, the leſs they' appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouſer;
As no man minds thoſe clocks that uſe to go
Apparently too over-faſt or ſlow.

THE trueſt characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men uſe to bear their noſes higher
Than thoſe that have their eyes and ſight entire.

THE metaphyſic 's but a puppet motion
That goes with ſcrews, the notion of a notion;
The copy of a copy, and lame draught,
Unnaturally taken from a thought;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
That counterchanges whatſoe'er it calls
B' another name, and makes it true or falſe;
Turns truth to falſehood, falſehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'TIS not the art of ſchools to underſtand,
But make things hard, inſtead of being explain'd;
And therefore thoſe are commonly the learned'ſt
That only ſtudy between jeſt and earneſt:
For, when the end of learning 's to purſue
And trace the ſubtle ſteps of falſe and true,
They ne'er conſider how they 're to apply,
But only liſten to the noiſe and cry,
And are ſo much delighted with the chace,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

MORE profelytes and converts uſe t' accrue
To falſe perſuaſions than the right and true;
For error and miſtake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to leſs than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

THE great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting againſt Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war,
Was routed and made priſoner:
The Sultan then, into whoſe hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thouſand weight of gold, to free
And ſet them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the euchariſt,
The body of our Saviour Chriſt.
The Turk conſider'd, and allow'd
The king's ſecurity for good:
Such credit had the Chriſtian zeal,
In thoſe days, with an Infidel,
That will not paſs for two-pence now,
Among themſelves, 'tis grown ſo low.

THOSE

THOSE that go up-hill uſe to bow
Their bodies forward, and ſtoop low,
To poiſe themſelves, and ſometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and ſteep:
So thoſe at court, that do addreſs
By low ignoble offices;
Can ſtoop to any thing that 's baſe,
To wriggle into truſt and grace;
Are like to riſe to greatneſs ſooner
Than thoſe that go by worth and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of ſervices that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beaſts, and yet their power
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such ſavage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beaſts that do obey.

NOTHING 's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no intereſt of ſtate,
But ſuch as ſerves a preſent ſtrait,
And, to patch up, or ſhift, will cloſe,
Or break alike, with friends or foes:
That runs behind hand, and has ſpent
Its credit to the laſt extent;
And, the firſt time 'tis at a loſs,
Has not one true friend nor one croſs.

THE Devil was the firſt o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the firſt bold undertaker
Of bearing arms againſt his Maker,
And, though miſcarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbled from the top of bliſs
Down to the bottomleſs abyſs;
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever ſince,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or ſuffer, like the devil.

THE worſt of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm;
But draw their ſwords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

NO ſeared conſcience is ſo fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Chriſtian charity 's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a peſtilent diſeaſe
To Chriſtian charity and peace.

AS thiſtles wear the ſofteſt down,
To hide their prickles till they 're grown,
And then declare themſelves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a ſmooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,

And all the miſchief that he meant
Does, like a rattle-ſnake, prevent.

MAN is ſupreme lord and maſter
Of his own ruin and diſaſter;
Controls his fate, but nothing leſs
In ordering his own happineſs;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it ſecure and certain
Againſt the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in ſpite of all his wit,
Is loſt with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumſtance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

DAME Fortune, ſome men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them, without their care;
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances;
While others by deſert or wit
Could never make the matter hit,
But ſtill, the better they deſerve,
Are but the abler thought to ſtarve.

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,

And, when they coſt them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the laſt;
But while they liv'd were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

AS gold, that 's proof againſt th' aſſay,
Upon the touchſtone wears away,
And having ſtood the greater teſt,
Is overmaſter'd by the leaſt;
So ſome men, having ſtood the hate
And ſpiteful cruelty of Fate,
Tranſported with a falſe careſs
Of unacquainted happineſs,
Loſt to humanity and ſenſe,
Have fall'n as low as inſolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence
For nothing elſe but patience;
'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence againſt the tricks of ſtate;
Nor from th' oppreſſion of the laws
Protect the plain'ſt and juſteſt cauſe;
Nor keep unſpotted a good name
Againſt the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as Patience, and as ſoon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beaſts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worſe.

WHO doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or falſe, engage;
And, 'cauſe they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal intereſt,
And free dominion o'er the reſt.
And, as one ſhield that fell from heaven
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to ſecure the fate
And laſting empire of a ſtate,
The falſe are numerous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that underſtand them leaſt,
Are ſtill the fierceſt in conteſt;
Unſight, unſeen, eſpouſe a ſide
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their ſouls, and ſwear and lye for,
And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in 's head,
Muſt be by' a dog glad to be led;
And no beaſts have ſo little in them
As that inhuman brute, Opinion;
'Tis an infectious peſtilence,
The tokens upon wit and ſenſe,
That with a venomous contagion,
Invades the ſick imagination;

And, when it ſeizes any part,
It ſtrikes the poiſon to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;
And nothing 's ſo perverſe in nature
As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
And makes mere ſots of magiſtrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wiſe,
The noble with the baſe complies,
The ſot aſſumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the baſe ſubmit.

A GODLY man, that has ſerv'd out his time
In holineſs, may ſet up any crime;
As ſcholars, when they 've taken their degrees,
May ſet up any faculty they pleaſe.

WHY ſhould not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as ſuitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No leſs than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER's

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in use,
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE soberest saints are more stiff-necked
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please;
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,
At pleasure, of the strictest vows,
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,
To vouch and witness what they do;
And, when they prove averse and loth,
Yet for convenience take an oath,
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep than take it;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within;

Has no ſuperior to control
But what itſelf ſets o'er the ſoul;
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk inviſible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear:
Can turn itſelf into diſguiſes
Of all ſorts, for all ſorts of vices;
Can tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of beaſts, like Orpheus;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And ſettle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjures, to ſecure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments:
For true and faithful, good and juſt,
Are but preparatives to truſt;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and ſprings.

ALL love, at firſt, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
But, when 'tis ſettled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer ſtill the older,
And proves the pleaſanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or ſun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and ſtarts,
And ſo are thoſe of lovers' hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and conſtant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happineſs
For wretched mortals to poſſeſs;
For, could it hold inviolate
Againſt thoſe cruelties of Fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are ſubject to,
It would become a bliſs too high
For periſhing mortality,
Tranſlate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to heaven but love.

ALL wild but generous creatures live, of courſe,
As if they had agreed for better or worſe:
The lion 's conſtant to his only miſs,
And never leaves his faithful lioneſs;
And ſhe as chaſte and true to him again,
As virtuous ladies uſe to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And ſhe as true and conſtant to his bed,
That firſt enjoy'd her ſingle maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
Are never ſatisfy'd with new amours;

As

As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worſt of all, to change.

THE ſouls of women are ſo ſmall,
That ſome believe they 've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, ſtill
They 've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And, though their paſſions have moſt power,
They are, like Turks, but ſlaves the more
To th' abſolute will, that with a breath
Has ſovereign power of life and death,
And, as its little intereſts move,
Can turn them all to hate or love;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, diſdain, and ſcorn;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate,
And hate again, and ſcorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL ſorts of votaries, that profeſs
To bind themſelves apprentices
To Heaven, abjure, with ſolemn vows,
Not Cut and long-tail, but a ſpouſe,
As th' worſt of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

MOST virgins marry, juſt as nuns
The ſame thing the ſame way renounce;
Before they 've wit to underſtand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or, having ſtaid and loſt their tides,
Are out of ſeaſon grown for brides.

THE credit of the marriage-bed
Has been ſo looſely huſbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women, ſeparate alimony;
And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And, for their journey-work and pains,
The chair-women clear greater gains.

AS wine that with its own weight runs is beſt,
And counted much more noble than the preſt;
So is that poetry whoſe generous ſtrains
Flow without ſervile ſtudy, art, or pains.

SOME call it fury, ſome a Muſe,
That, as poſſeſſing devils uſe,
Haunts and forſakes a man by fits,
And when he 's in, he 's out of 's wits.

ALL writers, though of different fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are diſtreſs'd and diſcontent,
Make ſongs, and ſing t' an inſtrument,

And

And poets by their ſufferings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and diſcontent.

IT is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not ſo before;
And thoſe that have writ beſt, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their eaſe too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only to avoid being idle, ſet up wit.

THEY that do write in authors' praiſes,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That 's not to give, but pay a due:
For praiſe, that 's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But to commend, without deſert,
Requires a maſtery of art,
That ſets a gloſs on what 's amiſs,
And writes what ſhould be, not what is.

IN foreign univerſities,
When a king 's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other ſtudies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:
Some write in Hebrew, ſome in Greek,
And ſome, more wiſe, in Arabic,

T' avoid

'T' avoid the critic, and th' expence
Of difficulter wit and ſenſe;
And ſeem more learnediſh than thoſe
That at a greater charge compoſe.
The doctors lead, the ſtudents follow;
Some call him Mars, and ſome Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods:
Then Cæſar he 's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was chriſten'd Julius,
And was addreſs'd to, by a crow,
As pertinently, long ago;
And, as wit goes by colleges,
As well as ſtanding and degrees,
He ſtill writes better than the reſt,
That 's of the houſe that 's counted beſt.

FAR greater numbers have been loſt by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of deſpair,
Were ever able to diſpatch by fear.

THERE 's nothing our felicities endears
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miſerableſt of diſtreſs
Improves attempts as deſperate with ſucceſs;
Succeſs, that owns and juſtifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deſerts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but miſcarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE

THE people have as much a negative voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament;
"No money" is as good as "No aſſent."

WHEN princes idly lead about,
Thoſe of their party follow ſuit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all ſubjects diſcontent
Againſt a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At ſubjects' diſobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reaſon on each ſide?

AUTHORITY is a diſeaſe and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

DAME Juſtice puts her ſword into the ſcales,
With which ſhe 's ſaid to weigh out true and falſe,
With no deſign but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capital.

ALL that which law and equity miſcalls
By th' empty idle names of True and Falſe,
Is nothing elſe but maggots blown between
Falſe witneſſes and falſer jurymen.

NO

NO court allows thoſe partial interlopers
Of Law and Equity, two ſingle paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a ſuit at once:
For one at one time, and upon free coſt, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with juſtice;
And, when the one ſide bringeth cuſtom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himſelf will rather chuſe to play
At paltry ſmall-game than ſit out, they ſay;
But when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Juſtice, will not trot.

THE law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little conſiders right or wrong;
But, like authority, 's ſoon ſatisfy'd
When 'tis to judge on its own ſide.

THE law can take a purſe in open court,
Whilſt it condemns a leſs delinquent for 't.

WHO can deſerve, for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honeſt cauſe?

ALL thoſe that do but rob and ſteal enough,
Are puniſhment and court of juſtice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a ſtraw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law,
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other ſufferers, of their due.

OLD

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please.
The Statute Law 's their Scripture, and Reports
The ancient reverend fathers of their courts;
Records their general councils; and Decisions
Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,
For which, like Catholics, they 've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;
And, when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,
The Court directs the obstinat'st dispute;
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

TOO much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they 'ad none.

AS thoſe that are ſtark blind can trace
The neareſt ways from place to place,
And find the right way eaſier out,
Than thoſe that hood-wink'd try to do 't;
So tricks of ſtate are manag'd beſt
By thoſe that are ſuſpected leaſt,
And greateſt *fineſſe* brought about
By engines moſt unlike to do 't.

ALL the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his falſe dice freely run,
And truſts them to themſelves alone,
But never lets a true one ſtir
Without ſome fingering trick or ſlur;
And, when the gameſters doubt his play,
Conveys his falſe dice ſafe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the ſearch.

WHAT elſe does hiſtory uſe to tell us,
But tales of ſubjects being rebellious;
The vain perfidiouſneſs of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
To ſottiſh pride and inſolence
Of ſtateſmen, and their want of ſenſe;
Their treachery, that undoes, of cuſtom,
Their own ſelves firſt, next thoſe who truſt them?

BECAUSE a feeble limb 's careſt,
And more indulg'd than all the reſt,
So frail and tender conſciences
Are humour'd to do what they pleaſe;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the moſt incorrigible,
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murther, blood, and zeal.

AS at th' approach of winter all
The leaves of great trees uſe to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With ſtorms and tempeſts when they rage;
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their freſh green liveries all the year:
So, when the glorious ſeaſon 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'ſt calamities oppreſs
The greateſt ſtill, and ſpare the leſs.

AS when a greedy raven ſees
A ſheep entangled by the fleece,
With haſty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do thoſe vultures uſe, that keep
Poor priſoners faſt like ſilly ſheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their ravenous clutches fall:
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curſe for ſin,

And

And were no part o' th' firſt creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fitt'ſt materials
T' encloſe the earth with living walls.
So jailors, that are moſt accurſt,
Are found moſt fit in being worſt.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raiſe infernal ſpirits up, but fear;
That makes men pull their horns in like a ſnail,
That 's both a priſoner to itſelf, and jail;
Draws more fantaſtic ſhapes than in the grains
Of knotted wood in ſome men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they ſee, and bulls,
Are only in the inſides of their ſculls.

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven, own,
Beſide th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory;
Declares himſelf an abſolute free prince
In his dominions, only over ſins;
But as for heaven, ſince it lies ſo far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Croſs-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:
Yet, when he comes to take accompt, and ſhare
The profit of his proſtituted ware,
He finds his gains increaſe, by ſin and women,
Above his richeſt titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a ſpiritual fair
T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of impious ware,
In which his Holineſs buys nothing in,
To ſtock his magazines, but deadly ſin,
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times;
For, dealing both for Judas and th' high-prieſt,
He makes a plentifuller trade of Chriſt.

THAT ſpiritual pattern of the church, the ark,
In which the ancient world did once imbark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Although bound through an univerſal ſea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing elſe but in the helm and ſtern.

IN the church of Rome to go to ſhrift,
Is but to put the ſoul on a clean ſhift.

AN aſs will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ALL wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are underſtood,
And force Miſtake and Ignorance to own
A better ſenſe than commonly is known.

IN little trades, more cheats and lying
Are us'd in ſelling than in buying;
But in the great, unjuſter dealing
Is us'd in buying than in ſelling.

ALL ſmatterers are more briſk and pert
Than thoſe that underſtand an art;
As little ſparkles ſhine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

LAW does not put the leaſt reſtraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholeſome laws preſerve us free,
By ſtinting of our liberty.

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Thoſe things to practice that are of no uſe;
And ſtrives to practiſe things of ſpeculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation;
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's courſe againſt the grain.

IN all the world there is no vice
Leſs prone t' exceſs than avarice;
It neither cares for food nor cloathing:
Nature 's content with little, that with nothing.

IN Rome no temple was ſo low
As that of Honour, built to ſhow
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

IT is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal eſtimate,
Than caſt up fractions, in th' accompt of heaven,
Of time and motion, and adjuſt them even;
For modeſt perſons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

SOME people's fortunes, like a weft or ſtray,
Are only gain'd by loſing of their way.

AS he that makes his mark is underſtood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
So he that cannot write one word of ſenſe,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To ſcribble what he does not underſtand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he 'd be to ſeek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;
Would never underſtand one word of ſenſe
The moſt irrefragable ſchoolman means:
As if the ſchools deſign'd their terms of art
Not to advance a ſcience, but divert;
As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuſe
The rabble from obſerving what he does.

AS 'tis a greater myſtery, in the art
Of painting, to foreſhorten any part
Than draw it out; ſo 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

THE man that for his profit 's bought t' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray;
And, when he 's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be ſluggiſh in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are ſtiffer
Than thoſe of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way ſoe'er they are deſign'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withſtood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to ſave
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the ſea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has ſwallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuſe, whoſe deſtin'd fate
It was to keep a ſchool and rule a ſtate,
Found that his ſceptre never was ſo aw'd,
As when it was tranſlated to a rod;
And that his ſubjects ne'er were ſo obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:

For to inſtruct is greater than to rule,
And no command 's ſo' imperious as a ſchool.

AS he whoſe deſtiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does loſe his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his ſhare;
So he whom Fate at once deſign'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich diſtreſs,
And ſtarves with niggardly exceſs.

THE univerſal medicine is a trick,
That Nature never meant, to cure the ſick,
Unleſs by death, the ſingular receipt,
To root out all diſeaſes by the great:
For univerſals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;
And therefore that French quack that ſet up phyſic,
Call'd his receipt a General Specific.
For, though in mortal poiſons every one
Is mortal univerſally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure them all as eaſy as they 're got;
Much leſs, among ſo many variations
Of different maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themſelves t' an equal moderator.

A CONVERT 's but a fly, that turns about,
After his head 's pull'd off, to find it out.

ALL mankind is but a rabble,
As filly and unreaſonable
As thoſe that, crowding in the ſtreet,
To ſee a ſhow or monſter, meet;
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the ſight;
And, when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the moſt and worſt of vices;
And all the reaſons that prevail
Are meaſur'd, not by weight, but tale.

AS in all great and crowded fairs
Monſters and puppet plays are wares,
Which in the leſs will not go off,
Becauſe they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will paſs,
That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS uſe to clap a propoſition,
As juſtices do criminals, in priſon,
And, in as learn'd authentic nonſenſe writ,
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician 's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reaſon by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE

THOSE get the leaſt that take the greateſt pains,
But moſt of all i' th' drudgery of brains;
A natural ſign of weakneſs, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;
And children are more buſy at their play
Than thoſe that wiſely'ſt paſs their time away.

ALL the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reaſon firſt found out, nor brains;
But paſs for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by miſtake or overſight.

TRIPLETS

UPON AVARICE.

AS miſers their own laws enjoin,
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they ſhould the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has ſpar'd,
Is from the uſe of all debarr'd.

And, though he can produce more ſpankers
Than all the uſurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And,

And, after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
And, when the ſea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but ſpring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be ſafe, but at the rate they ſtink;
That live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are caſt away and drown'd;
That dwell in ſhips, like ſwarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown-up and crackt,
Whole towns are caſt away in ſtorms, and wreckt;
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fiſhes,
And ſerve their couſin-germans up in diſhes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

DO not unjuſtly blame
My guiltleſs breaſt,
For venturing to diſcloſe a flame
It had ſo long ſuppreſt.

In its own aſhes it deſign'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my ſighs, like blaſts of wind,
Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

DO not mine affection ſlight,
'Cauſe my locks with age are white:
Your breaſts have ſnow without, and ſnow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are ſeen.

EPIGRAM

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

THE jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipe-ſtaves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
And in a cloſe confederacy link,
For nothing elſe but only to hold drink.

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY*.

IN days of yore, when knight or ſquire
By Fate were ſummon'd to retire,
Some menial poet ſtill was near,
To bear them to the hemiſphere,
And there among the ſtars to leave them,
Until the gods ſent to relieve them:
And ſure our Knight, whoſe very ſight wou'd
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Should he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,
Would have juſt reaſon to complain,
If he ſhould chance to riſe again;
And therefore, to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful doggrel thus we trudge on.
Oh me! what tongue, what pen, can tell
How this renowned champion fell,

* Neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in *The Genuine Remains* of Butler, as publiſhed by Mr. Thyer. Both however having frequently been reprinted in *The Poſthumous Works of Samuel Butler*; and as they, beſides, relate particularly to the hero of his principal poem; there needs no apology for their being thus preſerved. Some other of the *poſthumous poems* would not have diſgraced their ſuppoſed author; but, as they are ſo poſitively rejected by Mr. Thyer, we have not ventured to admit them. N.

But

But muſt reflect, alas! alas!
All human glory fades like graſs,
And that the ſtrongeſt martial feats
Of errant knights are all but cheats!
Witneſs our Knight, who ſure has done
More valiant actions, ten to one,
Than of More-Hall the mighty More,
Or him that made the Dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down
Than Bevis of Southampton town,
Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them ſingly man by man.
No, ſure, the griſly King of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error,
To iſſue his dead-warrant forth
To ſeize a knight of ſo much worth,
Juſt in the nick of all his glory;
I tremble when I tell the ſtory.
Oh! help me, help me, ſome kind Muſe,
This ſurly tyrant to abuſe,
Who, in his rage, has been ſo cruel
To rob the world of ſuch a jewel!
A knight, more learned, ſtout, and good,
Sure ne'er was made of fleſh and blood:
All his perfections were ſo rare,
The wit of man could not declare
Which ſingle virtue, or which grace,
Above the reſt had any place,
Or which he was moſt famous for,
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;

Of

Of each he had an equal ſpice,
And was in all ſo very nice,
That, to ſpeak truth, th' account it loſt,
In which he did excel the moſt.
When he forſook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling,
Strange hopes and fears poſſeſt the nation,
How he could manage that vocation,
Until he ſhew'd it to a wonder,
How nobly he could fight and plunder.
At preaching, too, he was a dab,
More exquiſite by far than Squab;
He could fetch uſes, and infer,
Without the help of metaphor,
From any Scripture text, howe'er
Remote it from the purpoſe were;
And with his fiſt, inſtead of a ſtick,
Beat pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtick,
Till he made all the audience weep,
Excepting thoſe that fell aſleep,
Then at the bar he was right able,
And could bind o'er as well as ſwaddle;
And famous, too, at petty ſeſſions,
'Gainſt thieves and whores, for long digreſſions.
He could moſt learnedly determine
To Bridewell, or the ſtocks, the vermin.
For his addreſs and way of living,
All his behaviour, was ſo moving,
That, let the dame be ne'er ſo chaſte,
As people ſay, below the waiſt,

If

If Hudibras but once come at her,
He 'd quickly made her chaps to water;
Then for his equipage and ſhape,
On veſtals they 'd commit a rape;
Which often, as the ſtory ſays,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read, that never heard
How he with Widow Tomſon far 'd,
And what hard conflict was between
Our Knight and that inſulting quean.
Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
For rhymes for his melodious ſtrains,
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir Hudibras to get
Into this ſubtle gypſy's net;
Who, after all her high pretence
To modeſty and innocence,
Was thought by moſt to be a woman
That to all other knights was common.
  Hard was his fate in this, I own,
Nor will I for the trapes atone;
Indeed to gueſs I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable,
Unleſs ſhe did not like his wit,
Or, what is worſe, his perquiſite.
Howe'er it was, the wound ſhe gave
The Knight, he carry'd to his grave:
Vile harlot! to deſtroy a knight,
That could both plead, and pray, and fight.

Oh!

Oh! cruel, baſe, inhuman drab,
To give him ſuch a mortal ſtab,
That made him pine away and moulder,
As though that he had been no ſoldier:
Could'ſt thou find no one elſe to kill,
Thou inſtrument of death and hell!
But Hudibras, who ſtood the Bears
So oft againſt the Cavaliers,
And in the very heat of war
Took ſtout Crowdero priſoner;
And did ſuch wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue?
If he had been in battle ſlain,
We 'ad had leſs reaſon to complain;
But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight ſo ſerv'd before?
But, ſince he 's gone, all we can ſay,
He chanc'd to die a lingering way;
If he had liv'd a longer date,
He might, perhaps, have met a fate
More violent, and fitting for
A knight ſo fam'd in Civil war.
To ſum up all—from love and danger
He 's now (O happy Knight!) a ſtranger;
And, if a Muſe can aught foretell,
His fame ſhall fill a chronicle,
And he in after-ages be
Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

UNDER this ſtone reſts Hudibras,
A Knight as errant as e'er was;
The controverſy only lies,
Whether he was more ſtout than wiſe;
Nor can we here pretend to ſay,
Whether he beſt could fight or pray;
So, till thoſe queſtions are decided,
His virtues muſt reſt undivided.
Full oft he ſuffer'd bangs and drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the moſt that can be ſaid,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
As for his perſonage and ſhape,
Among the reſt we 'll let them ſcape;
Nor do we, as things ſtand, think fit
This ſtone ſhould meddle with his wit.
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and dy'd a colonel;
And for the Good old Cauſe ſtood buff,
'Gainſt many a bitter kick and cuff.
But, ſince his Worſhip 's dead and gone,
And mouldering lies beneath this ſtone,
The Reader is deſir'd to look,
For his atchievements in his Book;
Which will preſerve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itſelf ſhall fail.

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